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THE BURNING OF PROTESTANTS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS. P. 7.

MARTYRS OF FRANCE;

OR,

THE WITNESS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF FRANCE,

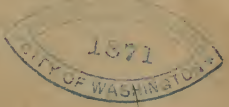
FROM THE REIGN OF FRANCIS FIRST

TO THE

Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

BY

REV. JOHN W. MEARS.



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PREFACE.

In these calmer and easier days of the history of the Church, when the dividing lines which separate her from the world are almost obliterated,—when the dangers which threaten her come from within rather than without,—when listlessness creeps in with a low estimate of her divine character and mission, and of the preciousness of her ordinances and doctrines,—and when freedom of conscience is as common and as unconsidered a blessing as the light of heaven or the air we breathe, it is important to keep alive the memory of the heroic ages of the Church, and to cherish the sentiment of admiration and gratitude to those by whose faithfulness under trials of which we know

nothing, the quiet enjoyment of our religious privileges and of our rights of conscience was secured.

It is the object of this little volume to contribute in a humble way to this end. The author would draw the attention of the young, especially, to a page in the history of martyrology full of stirring and tender interest. While the old authorities have not been overlooked in the composition of the volume, sources new to Sabbath-school literature have been investigated, so that a degree of novelty will, it is hoped, be among its attractions to juvenile readers.

May it help to cultivate deep and true devotion to the Master, and encourage a manly and vigorous style of piety that is not ashamed or afraid of the cross.

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MARTYRS OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PERSECUTION OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS, UNDER FRANCIS I., TO THE CROWNING OF CHARLES IX.

On the 29th of January, 1535, Francis I., the brilliant and famous king of France, ordered a solemn procession through the streets of Paris in honor of the Holy Sacrament. The image of a so-called saint—*St. Genevieve*, who, although long dead, was viewed as still taking great interest in the city and interceding for its prosperity in the heavenly world—was taken from its pedestal and borne on the shoulders of men around the city. The sacred bread and wine, too, were carried in the procession under a

splendid canopy. The king himself walked in the procession bare-headed, with his three children, all bearing wax tapers. Many other persons of high standing in the nation, and ambassadors from foreign courts, followed the train.

A peculiar entertainment had been provided for the party. Six times they halted on their route; and for what purpose, do you imagine? That they might feast their eyes each time on a spectacle of the most barbarous cruelty and most dreadful suffering. At each of these stations there was a hot fire burning, and near it a huge machine, or crane, having a beam attached to it, projecting over the fire. From this beam a poor Protestant was suspended, and, by means of chains and pulleys, let down for a few moments into the midst of the flames, then raised up again to take breath, and then let down again into the fire. This was repeated until life became nearly extinct, when the suffering martyr was dropped finally into the blazing hearth and allowed to die.

Horrible and distressing would such a

sight be to the eyes of my reader who has shuddered at the story of the less fearful "hook-swinging" practised by the Hindoos. Yet the crowd which looked on not only testified their approval of this infinitely worse torture, but even rushed upon the poor victims to tear them to pieces. The soldiers actually had to interfere and drive them back. And the three sons of the king walking in the procession, some of them mere children, beheld the shocking sight. Twelve years afterwards, the king died, and one of these sons became king in his place. He remembered the cruel lesson taught him by his father on this and similar occasions, and was not slow to practise them upon the unoffending Protestants, so that the number of the martyrs of his reign is counted by tens of thousands.

But to return to the victims sacrificed during the procession: what, you will ask, was their crime? Their names and something of their history have been handed down to us, which we are quite sure you will be interested to read. But in their

lives you will find no cause for death by torture except that cause which led holy men in the days of the apostles to martyrdom, —the love of God and the maintenance of his truth.

One of the six was Bartholomew Milo, a shoemaker of Paris, who was a helpless cripple, except that he could use his tongue and arms. These members he exercised with unusual skill; but his witty tongue he employed in railing at religion. The severe sickness which had made him a cripple was the means of his spiritual recovery. A pious man, being mocked by him as he passed the shop, rewarded him in a truly Christian manner by giving him a New Testament. He ceased to mock. The book took such a hold upon him that he read in it incessantly by night and day. During his sickness, which lasted six years, he continued to grow as a Christian. He was so helpless that it took four persons to move him. But he was not idle: he taught his children to write, and worked at such trades as he could, giving his earnings to poor

Protestants. Milo played beautifully on musical instruments, and his friends who came to hear him, knowing his past life and character, could not sufficiently wonder at his conversion. His chamber was a school in which the gospel was made known, and out of which the honor and majesty of the Lord shone brightly forth.

The rage of the persecutors fell upon the poor cripple. "Get up, Milo," cried the officer, in his blind fury, as he approached and found him motionless. "Ah, sir," replied the cripple, calmly, "it would require the power of a greater Master than you are to make me stand upright." He was immediately dragged away and condemned to be burned by "slow fire." His fellow-prisoners were unspeakably comforted and encouraged by his unshaken firmness. Being borne past his father's house, he behaved so nobly that even the enemies of truth were filled with admiration. Thus did this servant and witness of Jesus Christ show the same patience in death with which he had borne his tedious sufferings in life.

Often the martyrs, while waiting until the preparations for their death were completed, and even while being burned up in the flames, would speak to the multitude of spectators with great power and earnestness; and men who went to make sport of their sufferings were frequently melted to pity, or even converted, by what they saw and heard. A poor bricklayer was led to the stake; and the persecutors were so fearful that even there his edifying discourse might work upon the minds of the spectators, that they bored his tongue through and fastened it with an iron pin to his cheek. In this condition he was burned. Indeed, it became a well-established practice among the inhuman persecutors of this time to cut out the tongues of their victims, to prevent their making such confessions. But the calm and patient manner in which their sufferings were borne could not be hidden. Sometimes the multitude were struck with wonder and with awe as they gazed; and, without hearing any preacher, many were con-

verted, and hastened to connect themselves with the churches of the afflicted people.

You would not think it strange if King Francis should have suffered much distress of mind for permitting such cruel treatment of his most worthy subjects on account of their religion, or if, on his death-bed, he expressed himself as desirous of making some reparation. Such is said to have been the fact. But his son Henry II., whom you have already seen taking part in the procession of 1535, was not the man to carry out such wishes, especially after the training his father had given him. Not having any great decision of character, he allowed himself to be controlled by the zealous followers of the Pope and of the Roman Church, who hated the purer religion taught by Luther and Calvin, the great Reformers, and who had resolved to put it down at any cost. And so zealous was the French Parliament in carrying out these bigoted views of the Romanists in seizing and condemning Protestants, that it got the name of "the Burning Chamber."

The king and his court had just entered Paris. Having heard much of the French Reformer Calvin,—like Herod on hearing of the Saviour, or Agrippa after being told of Paul,—King Henry desired to have one of these persons brought before him and questioned.

Now, the Protestants were so skilful in answering questions about religion, that those who had them in charge took pains to select a poor tailor from the number, supposing that he could easily be perplexed, and that there was no fear of the king and court receiving a favorable impression of the Reformed faith from him. However, the worthy tailor quite perplexed a bishop who was with the king at the time; and, instead of being amused, the king was astonished and the Romanists mortified. It was only when the tailor grew so bold as to reprove the court for its immorality that the king got angry, and furiously commanded him to be burned alive in the street. The courtiers impatiently waited for the sight; and on the 4th of July, 1549, after a pro-

cession very much like that already described, the tailor and three other victims were burned. One of them was a servant of the king's own household; but so horrible were the cries of the poor man that the cruel king lay awake all the night, thinking of them. The figure and voice of the dying servant haunted him for many days, and he would never again witness a similar execution. This, however, by no means put an end to such scenes, for only five days afterwards many others were burned,—the fires being distributed all over the city of Paris, to strike terror into the minds of the entire population. Yet the result was just the opposite of what they wished. The people learned to pity the martyrs, and to hate as well as dread the persecutors, and so the Protestant cause never ceased to make headway.

The year 1553 is marked in the history of France as the year of martyrdoms; yet it is almost equally distinguished for the multiplication of Protestant congregations. The

Reformed Church of Paris was formed in 1555.

Although King Henry and the Pope were at open enmity, yet the king had no wish to be regarded as a heretic, and so he went on killing those of his subjects who ventured in their own way to differ from the Pope.

But afterwards, the king, being reconciled to the Pope, showed his zeal against the Protestants by seeking to introduce what is called the Inquisition into his unhappy country. This is a more secret, quiet, and terrible method of getting persons suspected of heresy into the power of the Pope and his agents, and of condemning them without the delay or trouble of an open trial. Taken suddenly, often at night in their beds, and hurried away to strong prisons and shut up in lonely cells, there was no need of cutting out their tongues, for only a just God who is everywhere present could hear the cries wrung from them by the agony of torture or the words and sighs they uttered in their long imprisonment or at their secret execution. But King Henry was too fast

for his people. Eager as they were for the burning of heretics, they would not consent to give over the right of judging and condemning them to a secret and for the most part foreign tribunal. So the Inquisition was never established in France.

Meanwhile the Reformed Church in Paris, seeing the danger of their cause, prayed without ceasing, and met together frequently. One night they met, to the number of three or four hundred, to celebrate the Lord's Supper. They were discovered by the priests, who collected a furious mob around the house just as they were about to disperse. The door was attacked, a cry was raised, the neighbors sprang from their beds, alarm spread through the city, ignorant crowds ran to the spot, and when they found that it was an assembly of Protestants that had caused the uproar, they became furious, and demanded blood. Most of the congregation, at great peril, made their escape; the remainder were carried to prison through the hootings and insults of the mob. Two elders and three others, including a

lady, were burnt a month afterwards; others were condemned; but the intercession of foreign courts softened the king, and imprisonment was substituted for death in the case of those who still remained. Some escaped from prison, some few were discharged; but many died in miserable dungeons, refusing liberty at the sacrifice of religious principles. All this for the crime of celebrating the Lord's Supper in the simple and peaceable manner of Protestants!

However, as the Protestant religion spread in France, and even judges became converts, it began to be difficult always to procure the condemnation of persons suspected of it. In vain did the king seek to remedy this defect by establishing a new bench of judges. That, too, was found to contain men too much inclined to favor the Reformed, and Henry, in wrath, ordered four of the judges to be thrown into the Bastille.

This Bastille was an immense and strong prison in Paris, with many dark dungeons, which stood until near the close of the last century, when it was destroyed by a mob.

Before this frowning prison King Henry, never thinking of the unhappy beings within, but bent wholly on his own pleasure, held a gay party with many of the great people of his kingdom. In the midst of the sport, which, in those days, was often very violent and dangerous, the king fell, mortally wounded. He lingered a few days, and died without even speaking a word. Was it not a little strange that in laying out his body the piece of rich embroidered cloth thrown over it happened to have woven into it the picture of Saul the persecutor struck to the ground by a great light, in the midst of his furious journey to Damascus, together with the very words of Christ: "*Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?*" It was unintentional; and another piece of cloth was substituted for it,—but not until the rumor of it had taken wing, so that all France resounded with it.

It was one of the first acts of the new king, Francis II., a boy of but fifteen, to consent to the death of one of these imprisoned judges, Du Bourg by name, who

died like a hero, refusing deliverance in any shape that his conscience could not approve. The martyrdom of this noble sufferer seemed like the opening of the flood-gates of persecution. Houses were broken open, little children were included in the sacrifices, and the helpless babes of Protestant mothers, who had been murdered or driven away, were suffered to weep away their lives on the stony pavements by men with hearts even more stony.

Images were set up in the streets, and whoever would not do them reverence was in danger of violence and murder from the crowd. If a man had a grudge against his neighbor, he pointed at him, and cried, "Lutheran!" to set the rabble upon him. The horrid swing moved incessantly, with half-roasted bodies hanging from it in the flames. The priests from their pulpits urged their people onward in the bloody work. The land groaned under an intolerable burden. Tumults and insurrections followed. The attempt was made by the Reformed party, who were numerous and powerful, to seize

upon the youthful monarch and rescue him from the hands of his Romanist friends and advisers and put him in charge of the Reformed. The plot did not succeed, and two of the conspirators, the Princes of Navarre and Condé, both uncles of the king, were seized and thrown into prison. Even the day for the execution of the Prince of Condé was fixed; but Providence seemed to interpose once more for the punishment of his enemies and the liberation of his friends. King Francis died when only seventeen years old. His wicked and bloody counsellors fled in great terror. No one mourned him but his widow, whom our readers may know as Mary Queen of Scots. Only two lords and but one blind bishop appeared at his grave. The two uncles were liberated, and the new king, Charles IX., brother to Francis, succeeded to the throne at the age of ten years.

About this time the term *Huguenot* came into use in France as descriptive of those who held the Reformed faith. It is not certainly known what is meant by the word, or

why it was chosen to describe the Reformed. According to some, it means comrades bound by an oath,—sworn associates. Others say it was intended as a term of reproach given to the Calvinists from their meeting so much at night,—as if we should say *hobgoblins*. Whatever it means, the French Protestants of that day were called, and are still called, *Huguenots*. The enemies of the truth in Antioch, you remember, called the disciples "Christians," thinking they had fastened a reproach upon them. But how sadly were they mistaken! for millions upon millions of disciples in all ages of the world have felt it the greatest of all honors to bear that name. So the word Huguenot has become an honorable and distinguished name, and there are hundreds of thousands now, who feel far more satisfaction in being able to trace back their family to a Huguenot ancestor, than they would in finding themselves connected with one of the proud Popish nobles or kings who despised, persecuted, and vilified these people. A good name is rather to be

chosen than great riches; but if we lose the good opinion of others in simply doing right, God will take care of our reputation, and sooner or later set it right. History teaches us few truths more clearly than this.

CHAPTER II.

PERSECUTIONS DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES IX.

Soon after the crowning of the new king Charles IX., it was felt that the Reformed party were so powerful that more peaceable measures must be pursued with them. The Bishop of Valence, who leaned strongly to the new doctrine, proposed a conference with the principal clergymen among the Reformed. The Cardinal of Lorraine, a Romish dignitary, approved of the proposal, as he was very confident that the heretics could be no match for his own eloquence and argumentative power. He, however, would not consent that the name *Council* should be applied to the assembly, for by that name the Romish assemblies were called. It was too good a name for a meeting in which Protestants were to have a share. It was finally agreed

that a meeting should be held under the title of a *Colloquy* (or a meeting for conversation) at a small town near Paris, called Poissy. Hence the meeting goes by the name of the *Colloquy of Poissy*. And we have no cause to be ashamed of it, by whatever name called. Among the Reformed clergy at this colloquy, who numbered about twelve, were Theodore Beza, a man of great learning and eloquence, who wrote the life of Calvin, Peter Martyr, and others; while on the other side was an imposing array of cardinals and learned theologians. The royal family of France were also present. The Pope, who was not consulted, when he heard that the colloquy was to be held, was far from pleased, and despatched an officer to attend it, called a legate. Fortunately, however, he did not arrive until several days after the opening.

The colloquy was opened with a speech from the king; one of the cardinals followed; and then what do you suppose the Reformed clergymen did? Up to this point the blessing of God upon the conference had

not been asked, and, feeling that this was of the greatest possible importance, their first act was to go down upon their knees and make up this deficiency by earnest prayer. The proud assembly listened in silence to their devotions, no doubt with some feelings of rebuke that these despised heretics should show greater reverence to the Divine Being than they had done. Having recited the Lord's Prayer last, they arose, and Beza addressed the king in defence of their faith.

The elegance of a courtier and the dignity of a minister of Christ are united in the speech, as we have it from the pen of Beza himself. When Beza referred to the Romish doctrine of the Sacrament, the cardinals endeavored to interrupt him and break up the conference; but the king and court remained in their places, and the eloquent and fearless champion of the truth was heard to the last. This took place on the 9th of September, 1561. One week afterwards the cardinal Lorraine delivered a long harangue, in which his memory was aided by a learned person standing behind

and prompting him whenever it was necessary. So little confidence did he now feel in his powers of reasoning and persuasion that when Beza asked leave to reply on the spot, he put him off to another day.

As the Pope's legate had now arrived, the public conferences ceased; it was thought too much to allow the Reformed to be heard even in a *colloquy*.

The following January an act was passed, called the "Edict of January," being the first law for religious toleration passed in France. Yet, in spite of this law, the Romish priests and bishops continued their persecutions of the people of God.

There was a Reformed congregation in a town called Vassy, which, though established but a few months, numbered three thousand persons. They worshipped in a barn which had been fitted up as a church. On the morning of Sunday, the 1st of March, 1562, a company of soldiers, under the command of the Duke of Guise, surrounded the building while the congregation were at worship. Several entered the house, and interrupted

the worship with profane exclamations, shouting out that they all deserved to be killed. What the disturbed and outraged worshippers did or said in reply is not, and perhaps now cannot be, known. Certain it is they were peaceable and unarmed, while their disturbers were soldiers, furnished with instruments of death, and they speedily employed them on the innocent people. The duke, who was at the door, himself received a slight wound on the face; and, whether he had intended to encourage the massacre previously or not, he now rushed in, sword in hand, thirsting for blood. Some of the congregation broke through the roof, some jumped out of the windows. The pastor was wounded both with a bullet and a stroke of the sword, and, thinking his end had come, knelt down, and, with a loud, clear voice, heard above the din of slaughter, commended his soul to God in the words of the Psalm, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" The duke in a rage commanded him to be seized and hung upon a gallows as

soon as one could be prepared. Yet divine Providence interposed to save his life, so that he even outlived the murderous duke.

In this massacre sixty were killed, and more than two hundred carried away wounded, many of whom died of their wounds. The duke himself received the fitting title of *the butcher of Vassy*.

Similar deeds of blood and of horror were committed by the populace in all directions. At Tours three hundred persons were shut up in a church three days, and then taken to the bank of the river, and butchered, one by one, except the children, who were sold. A little infant, just born, was flung with its mother into the stream, and it was said that, as the babe floated down the stream, it lifted its arm, as if to call upon heaven for vengeance on the atrocious and fiend-like murderers.

The Reformed now prepared for open resistance. "It is true, sire," said Beza to the king, "that it becomes the Church of God, for which I am now speaking, to suffer blows, and not to give them; *but may it*

please you to remember that this anvil has worn out many hammers."

In the eight years following there were no less than three civil wars with intervals of so-called peace. But in truth the peace meant nothing more on the side of the Papists than a better chance for them to frame their dark plots, and to carry on their bloody persecutions against the unarmed people. It was this unfaithfulness to their solemn promises, and this unyielding determination to work their utter destruction, that roused the Huguenots and brought them so many times to the field of battle. You may judge of the spirit of these persecutors when I tell you that the Parliament at Toulouse were so enraged against the second peace made between the two parties, and concluded at Paris in 1567, that they seized the poor messenger who brought the news of it, and, in their blind fury, put him to death. At one time during these wars the entire Protestant population were proscribed,—that is, they were put in the same position as condemned

criminals whom it would be lawful for any one to kill without form of trial.

At another time it was resolved to arrest all the leading Huguenots at the same moment. The Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligny, with their families, including children in their cradles, had to fly from their homes. They were obliged to cross the river Loire, while all the bridges were guarded by Romish soldiers, waiting to seize them. But the water was low, and they knew a shallow place which the soldiers had not noticed. Condé carried his little babe in his arms, and all the party waded across in safety.

Scarcely had they crossed when a party of soldiers on horses came in sight, intending to follow them and make them prisoners. But, with a deliverance almost like that of the children of Israel when pursued by Pharaoh, the Lord saved them from their enemies. Before the horses could get down to the ford, the waters began to swell, and soon came boiling down at such a rate, that where the Protestants had waded in safety men on horseback did not venture in. Even

their enemies have recorded this wonderful and sudden interposition of God's providence in their behalf.

The third war was the fiercest of all. England and Germany sent soldiers to help the Protestants, while Spain and the Pope assisted King Charles and his Popish subjects. A dreadful battle was fought at Jarnac, and the Protestants were defeated. The Prince of Condé, the noble leader of the Protestants, just as he was preparing for a desperate cavalry charge, received a kick from a wounded horse which fractured his leg so severely that the bone came through his boot. Notwithstanding this, he did not leave the field of battle. Even when the bulk of the army had fled, and his own horse had fallen under him, he continued fighting on one knee. At length, faint, and full of anguish from his wound, he was taken prisoner, raised from the ground, and carried to the shade of a neighboring tree. A circle of officers gathered around, gazing respectfully upon the valorous captain, once a terror to them, now powerless

and apparently near to death. But another officer, with far different feelings, galloped up to the spot, and, before his hand could be stayed, drew his pistol and levelled it at the captive chieftain. Condé understood the savage glance, and, covering his face with his cloak, leaned forward to receive the bullet which in a moment had pierced his brain. The Duke of Anjou, not satisfied with this, had his body so disfigured that no one could have told who it was, and sent it on an ass to the house where Condé had lodged the night before.

Prince Henry of Navarre, scarcely sixteen years old, and the younger Condé, took the command of the army, which by-and-by learned to exercise the patience and courage of older troops, and the king at last, in spite of his former victories over them, was glad to make peace with them a third time, at St. Germain, August 8, 1570.

This treaty appears to have granted the Reformed many privileges, and in very clear and definite language. Many towns were mentioned where it would be lawful for them

to meet for worship; but from Paris and for several miles around, and from the court of the king, they were altogether shut out. They were allowed admission into the universities, schools, hospitals, and almshouses, just as the Roman Catholics. All concerned in the war were pardoned. The Pope and his friends were astonished and offended at a treaty so liberal. They did not know what dreadful plans were hidden under this show of good will. Men too determined to be driven into submission were now to be deceived and their fears quieted by pretended acts of friendship, and then, when they had been lulled into a feeling of entire confidence and security, were to be destroyed at a stroke.

For a time, persecutions ceased. In several instances where the impatient Papists broke through the restraints laid upon them and interrupted the Huguenots in their worship with violence and bloodshed, as at Rouen, Dieppe, and Orange, the king ordered the disturbers to be seized and punished. He even changed his mind in so important a matter as his marriage, and took

a German instead of a Spanish princess for his wife, saying that, since now a religious peace had been established in France, it was fitting that their new queen should come from a country where the people were allowed to choose and enjoy their own religion. He proposed to make war against the Catholic country of Spain and in defence of the Protestant people of the Netherlands, where Spain was sending her armies under that monster, the Duke of Alva. To the young Prince Henry of Navarre he gave his own sister, Margaret of Valois, in marriage, and promised wives both to the Prince of Condé and the Huguenot Admiral Coligny. He even went so far as to pretend to seek a marriage between his brother the Duke of Anjou, and the Protestant Queen Elizabeth of England.

It was some time before the Huguenots could be tempted from their stronghold. But at length the plot succeeded. It seemed hardly possible that changes so great and acts so important should be nothing more than deceitful shows. The world perhaps

has never seen a plan so extensive, so deeply laid, and so well carried out, as was this of Charles to entrap the Huguenots. Never was a deceit more monstrous or a lie more profound enacted than this of Charles IX. of France in the year 1572. The lie was repeated in a thousand ways. It was carried so far that even Papists believed it to be true, and were mortified and enraged at the supposed change in the once zealous monarch. The Duke of Guise left the court. The Pope sent an ambassador to protest against Charles's conduct. The Protestant Queen of Navarre came to court to take part in her son's marriage, but suffered under very great depression of spirits, and died very suddenly before the wedding came off. Admiral Coligny also came to Paris, and was often engaged in consultation with the king about the expected war with Spain.

Yet there were not a few among the Huguenots who mistrusted the king and his mother Catherine, and who expected the catastrophe that actually befell them. A

letter of warning was written to Admiral Coligny; but he paid it no attention; yet just at this time a wicked man was actually hired to assassinate him. On the 20th of July, Henry, now, since the death of his mother, King of Navarre, rode into Paris in great state, attended by two thousand horsemen, to prepare for his marriage with Margaret, the king's sister. The people beheld them full of wrath, and with muttered curses; but King Charles's orders were strict, and no violence was offered. At court they were received with every mark of favor. The Pope's objections were set aside, and on the 18th of August the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence in the cathedral of Notre Dame (Our Lady). We are told that in the midst of the splendid ceremonial Margaret, the bride, gave a very decided specimen of wilful temper by refusing to answer when asked if she took Henry for her husband. The question was repeated; but she remained immovable as a statue. There stood a great company of lords and ladies, looking and wondering how it would

end,—when the king went up to his sister, and, putting one hand on her breast and the other on the back of her head, bent her head forward. The bishop took this as an answer to his question, and went on with the ceremony.

Great was the gayety that followed. Protestant and Romanist mingled together in the most friendly manner. The company went from one palace to another, feasting in the day and dancing at night, going the rounds of all known pleasures and amusements.

But the crafty Catherine with her son Charles forgot not for a moment their dark and savage designs. On Wednesday, the 20th of August, we are told that Charles approached Coligny, and addressed him in such lying words as these :—"You know, my father, that I have promised you none of the Guises should show you any rudeness at court. They have come to Paris with a very large body of armed men, for the sake, as they say, of being present at the wedding. Exceedingly sorry should I be if they should

contrive to injure you. Any harm done to you I should consider as done to myself. As it just occurs to me, if you think well of it, I will have a regiment of soldiers brought into the city and put under the command of men whom we can trust, that, if any thing of the sort should be attempted, it may be put down at once." Coligny suspected nothing, but took the offer as another proof of the king's kindness, and readily agreed to have the soldiers come into the city, and to have just such officers over them as the king desired. How much like an innocent, unsuspecting lamb, licking the hand of the butcher as it is about to be raised for the fatal blow! For these soldiers were brought in for the very purpose of making any resistance on the part of the Huguenots impossible.

On Thursday, the 21st, we read of three Huguenot officers leaving Paris, in anticipation of the coming massacre. But Coligny and the most of them remained. The next day the murderer hired to kill Coligny fired upon him from a grated window as he was

leisurely walking by. The ball struck his arm and his fingers, and shattered them so that two fingers had to be taken off; but he escaped further injury. Charles and his mother pretended to be greatly enraged at this murderous attempt, and threatened the most terrible vengeance against the assassin. The king called in person upon the wounded admiral, and played over the same part in his chamber. Coligny heard him with calmness, and, still unwilling to doubt his sincerity, spoke very earnestly and plainly of his ministers and counsellors, warned him of their treachery, and pointed out the ruin they were bringing upon France.

The principal men among the Huguenots spent most of the night in discussing what was best to be done. Most of them were convinced that mischief was intended by the king, and were anxious to leave Paris immediately. But young Henry of Navarre and Condé were of the contrary opinion, and allowed themselves to be persuaded of the entire sincerity of the king, and so refused to

take their last chance of escape from the net so cunningly laid to entrap them.

It seems strange that they were suffered to be so grossly deceived, and that of their own free will, and in spite of many warnings, these Huguenots should be left to linger on, day after day, until the plans of their deceivers were complete and their cruel enemies could slaughter them at their leisure. But so it was. The fatal hour drew near. Letters were sent to the governors of the provinces. Five hundred Huguenots had gone in a body to the king, and had demanded justice against the Duke of Guise for his connection with the attempted assassination of Coligny, threatening to avenge it themselves if no other means could be found. This threat was made an excuse for rousing the population, and for preparing in every one of the sixteen divisions of Paris for an attack on the Reformed.

Coligny, perceiving the disturbance, had sent to the king for a guard of soldiers. In return, fifty archers, with an open enemy of the admiral at their head, were posted in

two shops directly opposite his residence, while, to quiet his suspicions, the Papists living in the neighborhood were required to leave their houses and make room for the admiral's friends the Huguenots. This was the last of the innumerable acts of deceit which had been practised upon them; and it seemed quite as successful as the rest. On the eve of the terrible massacre, Coligny and his friends lay down tranquilly to their last sleep upon earth. This was Saturday night, the 23d of August.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

All things were now ready. Lines of soldiers had been distributed through the streets. The captains of the sixteen divisions of the city, and the soldiers, were fully informed of the purpose of the king that night utterly to destroy those disturbers of the peace of his kingdom, the Huguenots. "The brute is in the net," said the Duke of Guise to the soldiers; "and you must take care that he does not escape." Torches were prepared to be placed in the windows of the Papists' houses, and it was agreed that they should wear a white cross on their caps and a white scarf on the arm, to show who they were in the confusion. A little before day-break the bell of the Palace of Justice would be tolled as a signal, and the work of death

would begin. But, hardened as was the king, he could with difficulty bring himself to the consummation of so horrid a plot. Conscience, though long crushed and feeble, was awakening in his bosom, and the young sovereign hesitated. His mother, Catherine de Medicis, in whom the milk of human kindness seemed to have been turned entirely into gall, who felt no misgivings and never faltered in her direful purpose, expecting her son's courage to fail, paid him a visit soon after midnight on Sunday, and found him wretched from the conflict within him. She talked and argued with him until she had brought back the devil of cruelty, hatred, and bigotry to its former place in the young man's heart, and then, without delay, bade him give the order for the fatal signal. He commanded the bell to be rung, —it was the bell of the Palace of Justice; but that, Catherine thought, was so far that the remorse of the king might return before the order could be executed; so, thirsting for blood, she caused the bell of St. Germain —a church close by the Louvre, the palace

where they were all staying—to be rung. Breaking through the stillness of the night, the knell boomed over the dark city, and in a few moments the glare of lighted torches burst from the windows, except those of the Protestants, who started in terror from their beds.

The queen and her son, with members of the court, were sitting at an open window to witness the scene. But a guilty fear seized upon them all, and, without a word to each other, the whole company drew back at the same instant, just as the murderers of Jesus, when about to seize him in the garden, at first went backwards and straightway fell to the ground.

A messenger was sent to call back the Duke of Guise and bid him spare Coligny; but the duke was gone, and Coligny was the first victim. Roused by the tumult, the venerable admiral had risen from his bed and leaned against the wall in prayer. His friends and servants hurried into his room, unable to defend the house against the mob. They told him resistance was no longer pos-

sible,—that God, and not the king, called him now. He told them to save themselves; for himself he was not afraid to die, but committed his soul to God. As they fled, a servant of the Duke of Guise, named Besme, entered the chamber, sword in hand. "Are you Coligny?" he demanded. The admiral, seated in an arm-chair, looking calmly at the murderer, replied, "I am, indeed; but respect my gray hairs, young man: whatever you do, you cannot shorten my life." Besme only replied by plunging the sword up to the hilt in his breast. Others, rushing in, mangled the body with their swords, until they heard the Duke of Guise shouting under the window, "Besme, have you done?" Another cried out he would not believe it until he saw the body; and so the body, gashed and disfigured with wounds, was thrown out of the window. The duke was obliged to wipe the blood from the face with his handkerchief, to assure himself that there was no mistake. Then, giving the prostrate body a kick, he exclaimed, "Lie there, venomous beast! Thou shalt no more spit

thy poison." In very much the same manner, this bloody duke himself was murdered and his body kicked aside, not by Protestants, but by his own king, Henry III.

This was the beginning of the long-prepared work of slaughter. The bell of the Palace of Justice was now tolled, and the multitude, let loose, burst into a terrible shout as they rushed upon their victims. They broke open the doors and windows of the unprotected Huguenots' dwellings, and rushed through all the apartments, murdering young and old, without distinction, and tossing the bodies out upon the pavements. Nothing was now to be heard but the crash of stones and hatchets, the clang of arms, the shrieks of men, women, and children, mingled with oaths and furious exclamations and blasphemies, such as the world scarce ever heard before. The streets streamed with blood, and began to be clogged up with the dead and gashed bodies. The victims and their dwellings were robbed by the soldiers, for they were greedy for gain as well as thirsty for blood. Guise and his

companions ran about among the mob, crying out, "Kill! kill! Bleeding is good in August. Kill! kill! the king commands! For the king! for the king! O Huguenot! O Huguenot!" Soldiers were let into the palace to murder the Huguenot gentlemen who had been lodged there as guests at the wedding. None were spared but Navarre, who professed to give up his religion, and Condé, who still amid that scene of carnage and terror courageously held fast to his faith. The king himself, now no longer timid or hesitating, but frantic, like all the rest, with thirst for blood, looked out upon the carnage from the windows of the palace. Some say he even assisted by shooting down the fugitives as they tried to escape. Even the ladies of the court amused themselves with examining the bodies of the Huguenot gentlemen with whom they had been feasting only the week before. Catherine ran like a tigress from room to room in the palace, ridiculing such of the ladies as showed pity and would have protected the wounded gentlemen. The head of Admiral

Coligny was sent to her, that she might have the horrid satisfaction of gazing upon that mark of the full success of her plot.

Never did Sabbath sun rise upon a scene like this. Never did it reveal a work more like the work of devils. Never did it seem to speak of mercy to a world that seemed more hopelessly guilty and lost than this. Never were its lessons of the finished work of creation and redemption so grossly contradicted by a work of unmixed malice and unsparing destruction. As the night broke away, there were seen on the one side the living, still raging for blood, as a roaring lion seeking more victims to devour; and on the other, the heaps of bloody corpses piled in the streets or floating down the river Seine, while their spirits had gone to join those whom John in the Revelation tells us he saw under the altar, crying with a loud voice, saying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-

servants also, and their brethren that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

The massacre continued through seven days. Five hundred persons of rank, and ten thousand others, were victims. No pen can record the horrors that were perpetrated. Men stabbed infants while playing innocently in their arms. Children even killed children smaller than themselves. Servants murdered their masters. And when Huguenot parents were dead, Popish aunts and uncles put to death the orphans. When once the brutal passions of the mob were thoroughly roused, they did not always distinguish carefully between heretic and orthodox. Many Romanists were killed for the sake of their money; and a professor of mathematics in the Romish University of the Sorbonne was hunted out of the cellar of his house, killed, thrown from a window, and his body treated in the most shameful manner. A brother professor was so shocked at the sight that he died of horror.

The priests were busy keeping up the rage

of the mob from day to day. On Sunday, or, as some say, the day after, a white thorn-tree in a burial-ground happened to put forth some blossoms. An old monk published the fact as a miracle, and said it was intended to show that the Church was once more putting forth her blossoms, and that so her friends (by which you are to understand these murderers of the Huguenots) should feel encouraged to carry on their work of destruction.

At last the torrent of death flowed so deep that even the infamous Duke of Guise was alarmed, and the king issued order after order, posted up on the corners of the streets, to cease from violence. But the people gave no heed. They had cast off all restraint, and were too well pleased with the plunder which they might carry on in connection with their work of blood. As late as Thursday the carnage was still going on, while the king and court, followed by a long train of devotees, walked in procession, chanting psalms, and daring to give thanks to a God of justice and of love on the com-

pletion of the darkest, bloodiest, hatefullest work in the history of civilized men.

Some remarkable escapes were made. Sully, then a young student in Paris, put on his scholar's gown and took a Romish book of devotions, called a Missal, under his arm, and walked through the streets unharmed in the height of the carnage. He lived to become prime minister of France under King Henry of Navarre. Admiral Coligny's chaplain, whose name was Merlin, while trying to escape by climbing along the tops of the houses, fell through into a hay-loft and lay there, fearing to come out, for many days. And what do you suppose kept him alive all this while? What kept God's prophet Elijah alive when all the common supplies of food were cut off? Scarcely ever were two cases of the special care of Providence for his people more alike. Every day a hen came to the lonely hay-loft and laid an egg; and that sufficed to keep the chaplain alive as long as the dreary confinement lasted. And such of the Huguenots as lodged in a part of Paris separated from the palace and

the bloody court by the river Seine, started out on Sunday morning to cross over and inquire into the disturbance; but the king, being over-hasty, ordered the soldiers to fire upon them before they got into their boats. This was warning enough for them: they turned and fled, and their enemies were unable to overtake them.

We fear to weary and disgust our readers with tales of blood, or we would take you from Paris to many other cities of France where, as had been agreed upon beforehand, at the same time the like dreadful deeds were done. At Lyons several hundred Huguenots were gathered in the different prisons; but the hangman and the soldiers both refused to fall upon them; and the monks had some difficulty in getting men wicked enough to undertake the massacre. Would you not have pitied those poor people crowded in those dungeons? would not your hearts have bled to see little children hanging on the necks of their parents, parents holding their dear infants to their bosoms, brothers and friends trying to encourage

each other in their dreadful condition, until at length brutal, or rather fiend-like, men were found, who, at the bidding of the priests, rushed in upon them, and with clubs, knives, and hatchets cut them down in cold blood.

The river Rhone was loaded with carcasses, and the water became so foul with blood that it could not be drunk. At Arles even the wells became corrupt. The fish died in the river, and the people sickened and sent to distant places for water. Thus the wicked persecutors of the Huguenots brought on themselves one of the same plagues which God visited on the persecutors of the Hebrews in the land of bondage.

No one can tell how many victims fell a sacrifice to Popish hatred in France on this memorable 24th of August, 1572. Popish authorities vary; some putting the number at twenty-five thousand, others going as high as one hundred thousand. It is known in Protestant history as THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW; and, as it excited indignation and disgust almost everywhere in Europe

when it became known, so now it can scarcely be called to mind without a shudder, although nearly three hundred years have flown by.

Quite the opposite of all this was the feeling in the court of Rome. There the news was welcomed with extravagant joy; cannon were fired, and bells were rung. The news was regarded as so valuable that the messenger who brought it was rewarded with a thousand crowns. The Pope and all the Romish clergy, high and low, walked in a triumphal procession, and a sermon was preached, showing what cause of joy had been given to the Church. Paintings were made of particular scenes in the massacre: one of them represented the death of Admiral Coligny. These paintings were hung on the walls of the Pope's palace, expressing his desire to keep in constant remembrance the scenes imitated in the painting. And, as if this were not shame enough for him, he had a medal or coin struck, bearing his name, "Pope Gregory XIII., in his first year," on one side, and on the other

the words, "Slaughter of the Huguenots." Now, kings and persons in authority strike medals only when something has taken place which they think worthy of the constant and grateful remembrance of the whole people. This, then, was the Pope's opinion of *the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.* The Pope's followers believe him never to be in fault, and, of course, neither should *he,* nor any Pope after him, alter his opinions. In regard to this massacre we believe the Popes have been as unchangeable as the most zealous Papist has ever asserted them to be. How astonishing, how dreadful, to regard this awful deed, this work of cruelty, outrage, and bloodshed, in which babes and children and unoffending, unprotected men and women were treacherously betrayed and slaughtered like sheep, as a cause of rejoicing and thanksgiving to God!

Poor King Charles was not so well satisfied with what he had done and permitted. On the very next day after the massacre had begun, he wrote letters to the governors of the provinces, throwing the blame upon

others, and protesting that it had been done without his knowledge. But, frightened at the prospect of another civil war, and influenced by his mother Catherine, on the day following, Tuesday, the 26th, he appeared in the court of Parliament, with Henry of Navarre in his company, and there openly declared that he had been driven to these severe measures by the seditious plots of the Huguenots, who, he said, intended to kill him and put the Prince of Condé in his place. Extreme dangers, he said, required extreme remedies; and he, therefore, wished all the world to know that the murders of the last few days had been authorized by his command.

This is the king out-of-doors and in his robes of state. You would think him comfortable enough in mind. But at home and by himself, the guilty man's thoughts troubled him, just as any man's, who wore no crown and no fine robes, at the recollection of a deed of monstrous wickedness. He never knew a moment's peace. Remorse gnawed his heart. Terrible sights haunted him. He

seemed to see the Huguenots, covered with blood and wounds, falling continually around him. Horrible dreams woke him up in the depth of night; and day and night he lived in fear of a rebellion among his outraged subjects. Depressed in mind, his health at last gave way. His fears of insurrection were now substituted by the reality itself: he took his bed, and never arose; and France, even before his death, hastened to cast him off. His mother came to him with accounts of enemies captured and put to death; but he turned away from her, having had enough of cruelty. His limbs were drawn up with spasms. Blood oozed from his body, so that he lay bathed in gore in his own bed, suffering more than the agonies of many a one of the miserable victims of his merciless persecutions.

The faithful old nurse who waited at the king's bedside was a Huguenot, and into her ear he poured his dying confessions:—"Ah, my dear nurse, what bad advice have I followed! My God, forgive me! God, have pity on me! What will become of all

this? What shall I do? I feel it now! I am lost!" Navarre, who was a prisoner on charge of taking part in the insurrection, was brought to his bedside on the day of his death. "He is my brother!" exclaimed the king, stretching out his arms to him. On the 30th day of March, 1574, but little more than eighteen months after the massacre, and when not yet twenty-five years of age, shrieking and raving, so that all the Popes that ever lived could not have comforted him, this miserable monarch came to his end, the victim, in all probability, of poison administered by accomplices of his own more hardened and unnatural mother.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDICT OF NANTES TO THE REVOCATION.

TWENTY-SIX years afterwards, when the same Henry of Navarre, whom we saw renouncing his religion on the morning of the massacre, was King of France, with the title of Henry IV., the Huguenots were still numerous and powerful. The massacre had not destroyed them. Nor had it satisfied the hatred of Rome; for persecutions were kept up pretty much after the old fashion until the period which I am now describing.

In the year 1598, the Huguenots drew up a paper which they called "Complaints of the Reformed Churches of France, concerning the acts of violence which they have suffered in many parts of the kingdom, and on account of which they have often appealed to His Majesty and the gentlemen of his

Council." This paper describes the sufferings they endured on account of their religion, and pleads with the king, who once was one of themselves, to give them some relief. Even the king's sister, who was a Protestant, dared not take the communion in the city of Rouen, where she was staying, but was obliged to go to another place, because the Pope's officers did not please to permit it in that city.

The king, who was perhaps not more sincere in his profession of one religion than another, and who was regarded with distrust by the Papists, granted, to a very great extent, the prayer of the Huguenots, in what is called the *Edict of Nantes*, a very celebrated document in the history of France. This paper was signed by Henry, in the city of Nantes, on the 7th of April, 1598. It is said that two distinguished Protestants, De Thou and Lord de Calignon, spent nearly three years in arranging the particulars of this edict. By this the Huguenots were allowed to worship in public in a greater number of towns; both Huguenots and

Romanists were obliged to exercise charity towards each other; new arrangements were made in the courts of justice, in order that the Huguenots might be more certain of fair treatment; and a considerable sum of money was distributed among the universities, academies, and churches of the Reformed.

But it seems scarcely worth while to delay with the description of an act that, with all its promises, accomplished so little for the welfare of the Huguenots, and proved so weak a defence against the rage of the persecutors. Twelve years afterwards, King Henry, the last hope of the Huguenots in the royal family of France (and he scarcely better than a broken reed), was taken away by the assassin's knife. And now for three-quarters of a century we behold them suffering under wrong and cruelty and outrage of every kind, gradually growing worse and more destructive, until at length the great masses were driven into foreign lands. In many places the Edict of Nantes was not registered as a law. The king who followed Henry, Louis XIII., gave little heed

to its requirements. The priests and Romish clergy generally renewed their efforts to stir up the people against the Huguenots. The Jesuits were permitted, by express act of the king, to live in their towns.

A very great zeal was shown by the Papists for the conversion, as they called it, of the Reformed. Monks were sent, in company with soldiers, into the districts where they lived, to preach and argue and persuade the miserable people, and to add threats of violence if they refused to be persuaded. Many yielded rather than suffer the horrors of former years. They had not the spirit of the Huguenots of an earlier age. Disappointed and deceived over and over again, their courage forsook them. Yet this was true only partially. The city of Rochelle, the Huguenots' stronghold, withstood the armies of the king a whole year, and surrendered, in 1629, only after suffering the extreme horrors of famine.

Louis XIV. came to the throne in 1643, but was not of age until 1652. During that time, and for four years after,—in all, thirteen

years,—the Edict of Nantes was observed; for the king found the Huguenots among his very best friends in the difficulties he encountered in securing the throne. But the Papists grew impatient at seeing these hated people in any degree of favor, and in 1656 the king was led to explain his intentions, which he did in such a manner as to encourage their cruel enemies to renew their persecutions. Four years afterwards, the Protestant Churches were forbidden to meet by their representatives in a national assembly, as they had been accustomed to do. Thus they might never come together again in a public manner from all parts of the country, to consult together, and lay plans and unite in prayer to God for assistance, which in their sad condition was very needful and comforting. Henceforth they must bear their hard burdens and seek for relief or escape apart. Even the assemblies of churches in separate provinces, called *Provincial Synods*, were made useless by the requirement of the king that a Popish officer should always be present at their meetings.

When a dying mother calls her children to her bedside, we expect it to be for the purpose of giving them good advice, of getting their solemn promise to forsake sin and to live so as to please God in this world and be happy in the next. From what we have already seen of the mother of these persecuting kings of France, we are not much surprised to learn that Anne, the mother of Louis XIV., charged her son from her dying bed never to cease his efforts to destroy the Huguenots. We are prepared, too, to hear that her son willingly pledged himself to carry out her wish. Soon afterwards, on the 2d of April, 1666, he signed a declaration of fifty-nine articles, which was the summing up of the worst edicts against the Huguenots which had been issued separately during his reign. Still, open violence was not very often done to them. Preaching was interfered with. Huguenot workmen and tradespeople were hindered in carrying on their business, so that Popish workmen might have the advantage. Huguenot children were persuaded or stolen away from their

parents and brought up as Roman Catholics. The dying Huguenots were sought out by the priests and worried with exhortations to give up their religion, and even their dead bodies stolen away and buried by the priests, who then boasted that they had been converted to their faith. Money was used to buy over such of the Huguenots as were in want; and a plan was started to bring the whole Reformed Church into union with that of Rome, without violence, by bribing and deceiving the ministry. Wherever a church was unable to support its own minister, the king forbade other ministers to preach to them, and afterwards forbade the stronger churches to give money to the weaker for the support of their ministers. Church-buildings were actually torn down to break up the congregations, soldiers standing by to prevent the aggrieved people from interfering.

Some bright examples of Christian firmness, and of the power of truth even on Romanists, appear in the midst of this opposition.

A gentleman named Du Chail, who professed to be a Huguenot, but who was charmed by the beauty and wealth of a Roman Catholic lady, had changed his religion to get her for his wife,—just as people, for the very same reason, do now-a-days. But soon after the marriage, both himself and his wife became deeply interested in religion, and desired to confess Christ among his persecuted people. This would have been a very dangerous thing for Du Chail; for the Papists watched their converts very closely, and were very unwilling to have them go back into the Reformed Communion again. Knowing these things, he delayed until he fell sick, and on his sick and dying bed he sent for a Huguenot minister and solemnly professed his faith in Christ to him. The minister was put in prison for visiting him, and Du Chail himself was harassed by visits from officers and monks until he died. His wife, too, was separated from him, and her own mother aided the officers in trying to keep her from her husband's dying bed. But what cared

this faithful wife for their commands? Through avenues watched by soldiers, she contrived to find her way to her husband's chamber, and, in spite of priests, cruel mother, and soldiers, she waited at his bedside until the very last.

As the monks did not know of the change which she had experienced, they left her children in her own hands, and she brought them up in the faith of their father. When at length her conversion was discovered and the children were taken from her and put in the care of the Jesuits, this faithful and persevering mother followed them up, and managed to continue her instructions, and even to outdo the crafty Jesuits by carrying them away and hiding them so closely that they could not be found.

Meanwhile, the mother of Madame du Chail died; and, as she would not turn Roman Catholic again, the Jesuits kept the property which would have fallen to her. They had also kept her husband's property from her. So this daughter of a nobleman chose poverty and disgrace rather than deny

the Saviour and the truth which she had found in the Protestant Church. Her husband taken from her, alone in the midst of bitter enemies, she continued faithful, and by her courageous efforts at length escaped safely, with five of her children, to the hospitable shores of Protestant England. This was in 1681.

Now the Huguenots began to leave their beloved but unfriendly country in increasing numbers. It would have been well for many who remained if they had gone earlier. But home and native country are dear to us even in the midst of persecution, and many, I suppose, preferred suffering, and even death, to leaving their "beautiful France."

A feeble attempt was made by a number of congregations to re-establish the services which had been forbidden by the king. The Papists charged them with rebellion, and pretended that they meant to get up another war, and made this an excuse for taking up arms against them. The Huguenots, in self-defence, also took up arms, and soon a battle was fought at Bordeaux. The Papists, as

usual, were successful; and from that time they laid aside all moderation, and pursued the unhappy Huguenots with fire and sword to their dwellings, and to the very mountains whither they fled for refuge. The brutal soldiers were let loose among the unarmed people, and allowed to commit every crime and outrage upon them. The people were compelled to keep the soldiers in their families and furnish them with food and lodgings. No tongue can tell the horror with which they regarded these monsters whom they were obliged to take to their own firesides. These men were called *dragoons;* and their visits to the defenceless people go by the name of *dragonnades.* Few words call up such images of horror and desolation, of wrongs and outrage, of firesides polluted with blood, of happy homes laid waste, of fair fields ravaged, of flourishing towns reduced to ashes, as this word *dragonnade.*

Writers of history dwell upon the reign of Louis XIV. with more than common interest. They praise his talents, they admire the splendor of the palaces and other build-

ings which he reared; they cannot grow weary of the fine writers and orators and philosophers whom he encouraged and collected around his court. They speak of him as the handsomest man in France. They tell us of his long reign, lasting seventy-two years and filled with wonderful and interesting events. They often call him Louis the Great. *They forget the dragonnades.* They are enough to stain the pride of all his glory and to cover the whole of his long reign with the deepest disgrace.

A Reformed minister, named Isaac Homel, was barbarously put to death by punishment which lasted through two days. One bone after another was cruelly broken by blows from a heavy iron bar. Thus, abundance of time was given for the torture to work upon his feelings and his resolution; but he remained unshaken through all.

After the first blow had been given, he was asked if he would turn Catholic. "How, my lords?" was his answer. "If I had intended to change my religion, I would have done it before my bones were thus broken.

Courage, O my soul! courage! Thou shalt presently enjoy the delights of heaven." Turning to his faithful wife, who would not leave him in his sufferings, he bade her farewell, and added, "Though you see my bones broken to shivers, my soul is filled with un-utterable joys."

He did not utter a single cry, but lay in silence during the whole of those two dreadful days, with his eyes turned up to heaven. This was in 1683.

We read also of young children imprisoned, beaten, and tormented in every way to make them turn Papist. Some of them remained firm through every trial. Others only yielded after the most horrible sufferings.

So many churches were shut up, that the Reformed, in many neighborhoods, were obliged to travel great distances to hear the word preached. What would you think of travelling as far as from Philadelphia to New York to attend worship, and that not by railroad, but on foot, or tediously journeying in a rude wagon? The Hugue-

nots had no choice, and they often did it. Some were rich, and could ride; some were young and hearty, and would not suffer greatly in walking that distance. But aged persons, too, went on the pilgrimage: even when seventy and eighty years old, they slowly dragged themselves to the distant house of worship that as yet had not fallen under the displeasure of the king.

Sometimes, after going miles through the cold, with babes in their arms to be baptized, and couples to be married, great would be their astonishment and grief to find that the king and his wicked officers had been before them, and the distant church closed against them. Sadly the great assembly would turn away, never to meet again in this world. It is only at such a time that men realize how great and precious is the privilege of worshipping in God's house.

Should we not think of these examples of zeal for God's house, and be ashamed that we ever become weary or think it a task to go the little distance we have to travel in reaching our own place of worship?

New edicts went forth against the persecuted people, and again they sought to fly from France; but the king, greedy of the blood of his miserable subjects, forbade such removals, ordered the roads to be watched, and ships and fishing-boats to be searched for the fugitives. It was like letting the hounds loose upon animals in an enclosure from which they could not escape but must submit to be worried to death. At last, on the 18th of October, 1685, every shadow of protection which the law gave them was taken away by the repeal, or *Revocation*, as it is called, of the *Edict of Nantes*. This edict, it will be remembered, was granted to the Reformed by Henry IV., himself once a Protestant. It had never been faithfully observed by the Papists. Under Louis XIV. especially, it was little more than a dead letter on the law-books. But now it was abolished at a stroke of the pen, and severe laws against the Reformed were put in its place. They were not to meet for worship anywhere. Their ministers were commanded to turn Catholics or leave

France in fifteen days. Their schools were to be given up. Their children were to be baptized by priests and brought up Catholics; and no person, young or old, was allowed to leave the kingdom. Even this edict, the aim of which is clearly the annihilation of Calvinism and a pure gospel in France, contained a clause permitting the Reformed who submitted to the loss of all religious privileges, and who gave up their children to the teachings of the priests, to live at peace in France until they chose to become Papists. Many Huguenot merchants in Paris, who were preparing to leave the country, were persuaded to give up their purpose and remain, in view of this clause. But they only stayed for fresh dragonnades. The permission meant nothing. Some of the better class of Romanists saw how shameful it would be to go contrary to the plain meaning of the clause, and stayed the tide of violence; but they were soon told that the king wished all who refused to think as he did, to feel the utmost severities. So the priests and the soldiers were at full

liberty to exercise their customary barbarities on the people. And they did it.

So great was the distress of the Huguenots that many yielded, and to outward appearance became Romanists. Many others, in spite of the king's prohibition, attempted to escape from the country. Some of these were discovered, and cruelly punished. Often when they thought themselves safe in the ships, the sailors turned out to be as zealous Papists as any in their own country, and they were carried immediately back and given up to the authorities. Some were taken captive by pirate vessels when in sight of a friendly country, and were carried to Barbary, where the French consuls found them, put chains on them, and sent them back to France just as if they were criminals who had escaped from jail. Yet many got away in safety. With money they could even bribe the officers on the very ships which had been sent to watch them; and in this way many were carried across the Channel to England in French vessels-of-war. All Protestant countries welcomed them;

but in their own country they found no pity. Jails, monasteries, and galleys, or prison-ships, were crowded to the utmost with captives; and when they could not make room for any more in these places, they shipped them to America and put them to work on plantations like slaves.

But, while many tried to escape, several of the ministers who had been sent out of the country felt it their duty to come back and encourage, and, whenever possible, preach to, their suffering congregations. Far off from the dwellings of men, in deep forests, the unhoused congregations would gather, and listen to these bold men who hazarded their lives for their sakes and the gospel's. Some of them soon gave up their dangerous labours; but others of these *Pastors of the Desert*, as they were called, continued in that honorable service until the day of their death.

Sometimes the soldiers surprised these congregations. Creeping up quietly, they burst upon them in the midst of their worship, shot down some, and took all the rest

prisoners. For the single offence of attending these meetings, men were put to death with tortures. The same treatment befell those who opened their houses to ministers; and even *praying to God* was regarded as a crime when not done according to Romish rules. These men would have joined with the wicked counsellors of Darius in throwing pious Daniel into the den of lions. Often the wicked judges trembled before the men whom they condemned to death, as they preached Christ before them. Drums were beaten on the scaffold to drown their voices.

The struggle to crush the truth out of France by forced conversions, dragonnades, and murders, was unsuccessful. The king gave up the attempt, and, hoping to accomplish the end by other means, withdrew his prohibition, and now issued a positive command to the Huguenots to leave the country. They went. Bidding farewell to their homes, no longer safe from invasion and outrage, and to their beautiful country, which seemed to cast out its own most faithful children, they went. In vast numbers,—

some say as many as eight hundred thousand, some say five hundred thousand,—to all Protestant countries these exiles for conscience' sake directed their steps. And as their retreating footsteps disappeared from the highways, and their ships went down from the horizon of France, the hopes of the French nation for true religion, for solid peace, for wholesome laws, and for liberty, in like manner disappeared, and the dark shadow of infidelity, of atheism, of revolution, of military despotism, of mistrust, uncertainty, and disquiet, arose in her sky; and there it is hanging now.

Wherever the banished Huguenots went, they carried with them both the principles of true religion and the excellent qualities and good habits which always accompany true religion embraced and believed in as they did it. In Germany they formed whole towns and sections of cities, and brought in trades which the Germans had not known before. A suburb of London was filled with French mechanics. The Prince of Orange gained whole regiments of the bravest sol-

diers from their ranks. A colony of Huguenots settled as far away from home as the Cape of Good Hope.

At that early day, our own happy land, too, was open to the victims of persecution flying from every country; and thus the noblest, most earnest-minded people of the civilized world, the very sort of persons to found a good government and to endure the trials necessary in establishing it, were brought to our shores. Among these were the banished Huguenots. They landed all along our coast, and here found homes where they might worship God as his word ordained, with none to molest them or make them afraid. Many of the best men of our land from that time to this have been the descendants of those persecuted Huguenots whom Romish intolerance drove from their native France.

CHAPTER V.

STORY OF JEAN MIGAULT.

THE reader will gain a clearer idea of the condition of the persecuted Protestants of France at this time, if he follows us in one or two stories, which we will now narrate, of the sufferings of individuals and families, both in remaining under the cruel laws enacted against them, and in trying to get away from their inhospitable country. We shall commence with a story written by one of the sufferers himself,—though we shall put it into a smaller compass than the original.

STORY OF JEAN MIGAULT.

Jean (or John, as we may call him in our tongue) married early in life, and was the father of twelve children. To sustain this large family, he had little more than the results of his daily labors. He was a

reader in the Protestant church of the town of Moullé, where he lived,—some forty miles from the famous city of Rochelle. He was also a public notary, and taught a number of scholars, twelve of whom boarded in his house. Migault was a man of piety, of contented and thankful disposition, and a useful and respected citizen, such as form the true strength and hope of the state. But he was a Protestant, and therefore must expect to be treated as if he were among the worst enemies of his country, the vilest and most dangerous of criminals. Several years before the Edict of Nantes, his business was sadly crippled by measures taken against the Protestants: so that he was led in February, 1681, to remove to the neighboring town of Mougon.

Here the sad story of his more severe trials begins. Four or five months after his arrival, the whole country was thrown into a paroxysm of terror by the appearance of a regiment of dragoons in the vicinity. A herd of savage beasts let loose would have been more welcome and less disastrous to

the peaceful people than these messengers of Popish zeal,—these missionaries charged with the duty of converting them, by the most unrestrained exercise of violence and oppression, to the Catholic faith.

It seems that the very first province in which the peculiar form of military oppression called "dragooning" was used against the Huguenots, was the one in which Migault lived. At that time it was called Poitou, and embraced the territory now included in the departments of Vienne, Deux Sèvres, and Vendée, the latter reaching the sea near the middle of the west coast of France.

That province, says the historian of the French Protestant refugees, which was filled with Protestants, had for intendant Marillac, who had hitherto exercised such prudence and moderation in his office as to endear him to both Protestants and Romanists. But, when he saw the king anxious for the "conversion" of his Protestant subjects, he changed his conduct, and entered zealously into the business. The plan of quartering troops upon the "Religionists," as they were

called, had just been determined upon: Marillac was chosen as a fit instrument to commence the execution.

On the 18th of March, Louvois, the Minister of War, announced to him that, in accordance with the orders of the king, he sent him a regiment of cavalry. "His majesty will find it good," he wrote, "that the greater number of the privates and officers should be quartered on the Protestants; but he does not think it necessary to provide quarters for them all. If, according to a just partition, the Religionists are able to support ten, you may quarter twenty upon them." The following month he caused an ordinance to be signed by the king, which granted, to all those who should be converted, exemption from the quartering of troopers during two years.

Marillac sent the dragoons into those towns of Poitou which contained most Huguenots. They were quartered only upon them,—upon the very poorest, too, and upon widows, who until that time had been exempt from such service. In many villages the priests fol-

lowed them through the streets, crying, "Courage, gentlemen! it is the intention of the king that these dogs of Huguenots should be pillaged and sacked." The soldiers entered the houses sword in hand, sometimes, crying, "Kill! kill!" to frighten the women and children. So long as the inhabitants could satisfy their rapacity, they suffered no worse than pillage. But when their money was expended, the price of their furniture consumed, and the ornaments and garments of their wives disposed of, the dragoons either seized them by the hair to drag them to church, or, if they suffered them to remain in their houses, made use of threats, outrages, and even tortures, to compel them to be converted. They burnt at slow fires the feet and hands of some; they broke the ribs, legs, or arms of others, with blows of sticks. Many had their lips burned with hot irons. Others were cast into damp dungeons, with threats of leaving them there to rot. The soldiers said that every thing was permitted to them except murder and rape.

Among other tortures employed by these

monsters on their errand of conversion was, wearing out their victims by depriving them of sleep, by unceasing and horrible noises, such as the beating of drums, blasphemies, hideous outcries, crashing of furniture, and, by constant shaking, compelling the wretched beings to stand upright until they were reduced to such a state that they knew not what they did.

It is not surprising that these outrageous measures in many instances seemed to accomplish their object. Every day, numbers of forced converts were seen hastening to attend mass. Such was the terror occasioned by the arrival of the dragoons, in consequence of the cruelties of which they had been guilty, that it is said a single soldier has been known to determine all the first families in the place to abjure their religion, by merely riding into the town with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he pretended were quartermaster's billets.

"Conversions" were counted, not by individuals, but by whole provinces. Not a day passed that the king did not receive

some courier who brought him news of conversions by thousands. In Bordeaux, it was said, they numbered sixty thousand; in Montauban, twenty thousand; in the Cevennes district so rapid were these external changes, that the whole Protestant population, two hundred and forty thousand in number, were spoken of as likely to become Catholics within a month. The king and the whole court believed that Protestantism was annihilated in France by these measures.

But the faithful ones were far more numerous than their persecutors imagined. Jean Migault was not to be driven from his most sacred belief, even by the prospect of such direful visitations. He wisely prepared to meet the shock. His eleven older children were distributed among six friendly families, and a nurse was provided for the youngest, then an infant: Migault and his wife alone remained in their home. Events soon occurred which proved the wisdom of these measures. On the 22d of August, as the Protestant inhabitants of the place were returning from worship, a troop of cavalry,

known and dreaded for its atrocities in other places, dashed into the town and took post in the church-yard. It was under the command of an officer of fierce and threatening aspect, named M. de la Brique.

Scarcely had the trembling Migaults reached their habitation, when a quartermaster rode up, and, without alighting, demanded, in an imperious tone, whether they intended to turn Catholics. They were well aware that their only means to secure themselves from the oppressions of the soldiery was to answer in the affirmative; but, strengthened to withstand the temptation under which so many sunk, they joined in solemnly assuring him that nothing could induce them to change their religion. On receiving this answer, he left them, and they sought preparation for the grievous trial they saw about to befall them, in prayer. The opportunity was brief: De la Brique himself broke in upon their devotions, and sternly demanded what sum of money they would give him daily: the more they would give, the fewer soldiers would be quartered

upon them. Alas! poor Migault had nothing. Soon two of the hard-hearted cavalrymen, with their horses, made their appearance. The insolent fellows gave orders for a meal which would have been sufficient for twenty persons. While the food was preparing, two more arrived, and, having placed their horses in the stable, joined their comrades in the house. These were quickly followed by a fifth. The presence of five rapacious and insolent soldiers might have been thought enough for a single family to endure; but scarcely were these all arrived, when they were followed by four others, who, under pretext that the hay they had found in the stable was not of the best quality, began to use the most abusive language to their host, and to give utterance to the grossest imprecations and the most impious blasphemies.

All the company then began to demand, with loud threats, a supply of different articles, which it was impossible to obtain in that little town. Migault represented to them that the only means of procuring these things was by sending to Niort,—a distance of

eight miles; and, in their eagerness to get what they asked for, they permitted him to go out and send some person on the errand.

Bright among the gloomy scenes of this period shine the truly Christian conduct and the sweet charities of many a Roman Catholic neighbor, who, Samaritan like, succored the suffering Huguenots in spite of the public hatred and the king's barbarous edicts against them.

Such a neighbor, or two such, had Migault in his distress. Two Catholic ladies occupied the house adjoining his own, and a concealed door opened from one to the other dwelling.

To these ladies he addressed himself, begging they would point out some person whom he might send on his errand to Niort. While he was still speaking with them, six soldiers rode up to the door and demanded a direction to Migault's house. The ladies pointed out the house, and then, returning to their poor friend, earnestly recommended him to fly, as the only means of safety. He could do no good by returning to his home,

now in possession of fifteen merciless dragoons, and if he would fly they promised to do all in their power for his poor wife, and even ventured to assure him that before the end of the day they would find means to withdraw her likewise from the power of their enemies. This they would undertake to do, whatever might be the consequence of their interference to themselves.

Migault, offering up a prayer to God, suffered himself to be locked in a garden surrounded by high walls, in a back street, where he remained undisturbed for several hours. But the wife? The fears which tortured him for her safety during those lonely hours proved too well founded. As soon as the brutish soldiers suspected the escape of the husband, they turned in their rage upon the wife. She was in feeble health; but that brought no pity to their hearts. Striking her with violence, they dragged her to the dining-room, and compelled her to sit in the chimney-corner while the soldiers built up a great fire, feeding it with broken pieces of the furniture. The faithful Catholic friends

were there; they sought in vain to procure some mitigation of her tortures, and even threw themselves at the feet of the officer, entreating for the poor woman's release. The fire was replenished until the heat became too great for her tormentors. They were obliged to relieve each other every few minutes. But she was as true and faithful as the three children in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace; doubtless the same divine Person who strengthened those early witnesses for the truth was with the wife of the Huguenot. "This admirable woman," says her husband, "knowing in whom she had believed, did not for a single instant lose her tranquillity of soul. She resigned into the hands of her Saviour all which could disquiet or torment her." Her persecutors tried to induce her to renounce the Protestant faith; but she repulsed all their importunities with firmness, until, overcome by the distressing effects of their cruelty, she fainted, and became insensible to their outrages.

Happily, help came, once more from the side of the persecutors. In the absence of

the principal clergyman, or *curé*, of the parish, who was a furious bigot and who hated the pious Migaults bitterly, a kind-hearted vicar, who had often testified his regard for these good Protestants, occupied his place. By his aid, these Catholic ladies succeeded in getting the poor woman through the secret door into their house, where they concealed her under a heap of linen in the garret. The soldiers were amused with the idea that she might be "converted." But, when they found she had escaped, their rage was terrible. They examined every corner of the house, and even proceeded to that of the charitable ladies. The very garret in which Madame Migault was hidden was submitted to their search; but here the protecting care of that gracious God in whom she trusted was especially manifested: the heap of linen was the only thing in the room they did not examine. After this vain attempt at discovery, the soldiers returned to Migault's house, to console themselves for their loss by drinking the wine and seizing on every thing they wished. The ladies hastened to

inform Migault of the safety of his wife, and, directing him to take the most hidden road to the neighboring forest, promised to bring her at nightfall to meet him at a particular spot.

The meeting was happily effected,—as the soldiers, instead of watching the roads, remained at the house, making merry over the wine. After trying adventures, the faithful couple reached Niort, and found refuge with a friend until the storm abated and the soldiery were withdrawn.

After this, we find Migault, with two of his sons, seeking employment in different places. At Rochelle they found many Protestant families preparing to forsake their persecuting country and to emigrate to Holland, England, Ireland, and America. Migault, too, meditated departure, but he could not tear himself from his dear children, who were too widely scattered over the country to be brought into the plan. After a time he returned to Mougon, and actually reopened his school. Parents, children, and scholars were gathered once more under the

lowly roof where so much domestic happiness had been enjoyed. But in the brief space of a fortnight the dreaded soldiery reentered the district, and turned their steps once more toward Mougon. As on a previous visit, so now, when the soldiers inflicted even greater barbarities on their victims than before, the Protestants stood firm.

Few instances of apostasy occurred; and the forest was crowded a second time with fugitives, who abandoned their homes to their tormentors rather than renounce their faith. Migault made preparations to leave his beloved home once more, and went into the country to borrow a horse. As Madame Migault, with her three youngest children, waited for his return, she saw the soldiers enter at both their gates. Taken thus by surprise, she had only time to seize two of the children and escape through the private door into her Catholic neighbors' dwelling. The kind ladies who had befriended her in the former case were not wanting in care and attention now. They secreted her and her two children in a corn-loft. The soldiers,

attended by the *curé*, searched for the Migaults in their own dwelling, and in the house of their friends, without being able to discover them. For some hours Madame Migault remained concealed in the loft with her two children, ignorant of the fate of the rest of her family, and hearing plainly the cracking up of her furniture, and the crashing of windows, doors, closets, &c. in her house by the riotous soldiery. The dear little boy she had left in the house she could hear crying, as in great distress, and calling on her for help. By-and-by his cries ceased; and she afterward found that he had stolen away into the garden and hid himself in the evergreens, where he was found by a poor woman, who compassionately took him to her own home. Madame Migault's mother, who was living with her at the time, had also escaped to a neighbor's with four of the children.

By the time night was well advanced, the scattered household was reunited. The infant, in the hands of the nurse, they were compelled to leave in a dying condition,

while they hurried their preparations for departure. Happy was the unconscious creature who so early was delivered from these hasty and heart-breaking pilgrimages. Did not the group of sorrowful fugitives half envy the dear babe, as they printed the last kiss on its lips and saw on its pale face the sure tokens of a summons to the quiet of the grave and the peace of heaven? Little matter was it to the released spirit that the inhuman *curé* vainly sought to have the lifeless body thrown to the dogs. But it is to the credit of the Catholic nurse that she and her husband secured it a decent Christian burial, in spite of the *curé*.

The cavalcade soon started, intending to travel through the night. The mother was mounted on the borrowed horse, carrying the little Elizabeth in her arms; and Peter and Mary were in panniers, placed across the back of the animal; the two eldest walked with their father. At midnight, they reached a farm-house belonging to an acquaintance, where they rested a few minutes, and then continued their march until they reached

the chateau of Grand Breuil. Here they soon had the satisfaction of seeing the entire surviving family, with the grandmother safely gathered; while the generous proprietor, Madame de la Bessière, who appears to have been a true Christian woman, placed her keys in the hands of Migault, and put all her provisions and fuel at his disposal.

But it did not suit the sturdy nature of Migault to live upon the generosity of others. As soon as the storm subsides, we see him again at his work, teaching a flourishing school at Mauzé, a town in the vicinity of Niort. He was induced to take this step by the earnest importunities of two friends whose sons had been under Migault's care and who were again to become his pupils. The plan succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. No sooner were they established there, than many of their former boarders, whom they had been obliged to dismiss, returned to them, and they had, besides, many applications from day-scholars. They had now full employment, and ample

earnings for the support of their family, and enjoyed the friendship of the citizens.

But, when a year or more had passed, it pleased God to visit Jean Migault with the heaviest affliction of all. His faithful, exemplary wife was removed from him by death, after a few days' illness. The bereaved husband was scarcely the same man afterward. His troubles seemed to multiply from that sad event. He puts it on record that he never afterward enjoyed a day's peace in France. She seems to have deserved the beautiful title of his "Earthly Providence," which a Christian poet has given to a faithful, capable wife. Jean says, "She was indeed my help-meet on all occasions, but especially while the fiercest persecutions raged around us."

Only twelve days after her death, a law was published forbidding all Protestant teachers to receive boarders at their homes. Migault's scholars were placed in hotels, and he continued to conduct their studies.

A few months more elapsed, and the inhabitants of Mauzé heard the unwelcome

tidings that troops were in full march for the province, destined to complete the ruin of those Protestant families who had not fled the country or turned Papists during the former persecution. Nearly every Protestant church throughout the kingdom was now either destroyed or closed; but the church of Mauzé for a season escaped, being under the protection of a Protestant lady of rank, the Duchess of Lunenburg and Zell. Her excellent brother, M. d'Olbreuze, also resided in the neighborhood; and so long as her intercession with the king availed, the town of Mauzé was a refuge to the persecuted believers of the entire province. On Saturday evenings the town would be crowded to excess with Protestants from a distance, desirous of enjoying the privileges of worship on the following day, which were denied them at their own homes.

But all the intercessions of the duchess could not keep the dragoons from Mauzé. Jean Migault, with his usual foresight, had dismissed his pupils and found hiding-places for his family, before these ruffians made

their appearance. This was September 23, 1685, one month before the king threw off the mask and dealt his final blow at the best citizens of his kingdom by revoking the Edict of Nantes. Migault was talking with a friend when the dragoons arrived. On hearing the alarm, the two descended into the ditch—then dry—which for purposes of defence had been dug around the town. Thence they took the road to Amilly, meeting on their way terrified women and helpless children, who, like themselves, were seeking safety in flight. Late in the evening they reached the chateau de Marsay, where they were received and sheltered for two days. Their next hiding-place was a private residence near St. Jean d'Angély, in another province, where three of his children had found a refuge. But in a few days it became necessary for father and children—one of the latter being a delicate little girl of seven years—again to seek safety in flight. The children were disposed of as securely as possible, and the disconsolate father became a lonely fugitive, hunted, with his brethren

through France, like a partridge on the mountains.

On the 23d of October took place the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. During the whole of this and the next month, Migault wandered up and down the province, concealing himself during the day, and taking care never to remain more than forty-eight hours in a place, except in a single instance, when he enjoyed eight days' rest on the hospitable grounds of M. d'Olbreuze. So completely were the paths of the Protestants beset with snares, that it seems wonderful any should have escaped. The cavalry were spread about everywhere; and the hospitable and tender-hearted among the Catholics, who were thought likely to receive the persecuted, were daily subject to military visits. It had become very dangerous to give even temporary shelter to the fugitives: so that their nearest relatives often scarcely dared to do it.

In December, it again became necessary for the afflicted father to change the hiding-place of two of his children. He was now

in the utmost perplexity, not knowing where to hide his own head, or where to find a place for these two dear members of his family. Providence had designed that one of them should bear noble testimony for the truth, and thus beforehand make amends for the weakness of which her father soon after was guilty.

Jane, a daughter aged eighteen years, after passing from one place of refuge to another, and enjoying for a week the protection of a kind Roman Catholic friend, at length found an asylum with some relatives near Niort. Here she continued a fortnight, and would have remained longer, had not some person given information to the captain of a troop of cavalry in the neighborhood that she was concealed in the house. Two dragoons were instantly despatched to search for her, which they did with great insolence, ransacking every place, destroying furniture, and treating the owners of the house with violence. The terrified girl fled at their approach, and hid herself in a neighboring wood during the night; but, when

day dawned, she stole back to the court-yard and concealed herself in a heap of straw. In the morning the soldiers renewed their search, and the poor girl was discovered, and dragged with brutal harshness before the priest of the parish. But the noble girl firmly resisted all the threats and arguments with which they sought to turn her from her faith. A paper was placed before her to sign, and violence was added to threats to force her to comply; but in vain. He who makes his strength often appear the most manifest in the weakest of his creatures gave this young girl firmness and energy suited to her trial. She remained immovable; and when the priest, who was resolved to make it appear that he had converted her, wrote under the pretended act that she did not sign it because she could not write, she boldly protested against the falsehood, and declared that she knew very well how to write, but refused to do so because she was firmly resolved never to renounce her creed or sign her name to an act of abjuration. We are glad to know that Jane, by some

means, escaped from her persecutors, and was permitted soon after to join her father at the mansion of d'Olbreuze. Here Migault and his three children remained in safety for a time, passing for servants in the family. But now an order was issued forbidding all Protestants to have any but Roman Catholic servants; and Madame d'Olbreuze was reluctantly obliged to submit to this regulation. Poor Migault knew not where to fly. Seven of his children were thrown upon his hands, and he was again without a hiding-place. He acknowledges, with shame and self-reproach, the afflicting state of despondency into which he was thrown by these distressing circumstances. Doubtless the presence of his faithful and pious wife would have strengthened him under these trials, and saved him from the act of sinful compliance into which he was drawn.

He had gone to the great seaport of Rochelle, in the hope of securing for two of his sons a passage out of the country. Here he was seized and thrown into prison by the governor, but was afterward persuaded to

sign the act of abjuration (renouncing his faith), which the more courageous Jane had rejected, and was set at liberty. This was a sad blot upon the character and life of an otherwise faithful confessor and sturdy Huguenot. We will let him tell the story in his own words, so far as we have it; for, unfortunately, just at this point four pages of the manuscript addressed to his children are missing. He says:—

"Upon leaving the prison, I was conducted by an officer to the convent of Oratory, and there it was I basely put my hand to a paper which they presented for my signature. I did not read it; but I could entertain no doubt of its purport. The fears for my own safety and apprehensions about my family that agitated my mind furnished plausible reasons why I might innocently sign; but no sooner did my guards disappear, and I regain my liberty, than I despised the sophistry by which I had been betrayed, and contemplated my sin in all its blackness and deformity.

"I can but faintly describe the shame and

sorrow I endured while at Mauzé. I endeavored to pray, but could not give utterance to the feelings by which I was oppressed. It pleased God to hide the light of his countenance, and I seemed abandoned to my own reflections, which had nigh driven me to despair. The congratulations of my friends, on my release from prison, increased the poignancy of my remorse: their kind expressions were so many blows upon my heart; they produced the effect of the keenest reproaches; and it appeared to me that no criminal was ever before tormented by so many accusers.

"I was rescued, by the tender mercy of my God, from the frightful dangers into which my folly had precipitated me, and was consoled for all my sufferings, when I found that nine of you, my dear children, remained faithful to his word and appeared devoted to his service."

Passing over a year of the history, we find that four of Migault's children had escaped from the country; and the father now began to make preparation to follow with the remainder. This was a perilous undertaking.

Sailors were forbidden, under severe penalties, to favor the escape of the Huguenots. The frontier and the coast were guarded by men who were rewarded in proportion to their captures; the rural laborers were compelled to leave their work, and to watch night and day, with arms in their hands, the highways and ferries, and a part of the spoils of the Huguenots captured in their flight was promised them. The miserable captives were condemned to the galleys, and were driven in gangs, loaded with heavy chains like criminals, through the country, to their terrible doom. They were forced to make long days' marches, and when they fell, through fatigue, they were compelled by blows to rise. These were the dangers which Migault and thousands of his fellow-believers braved in the hope of escaping their tormentors.

Rochelle, the famous Huguenot city on the Bay of Biscay, was chosen as the place of departure.

Toward the close of 1687, after many disappointments, he found means to engage

a passage for himself and his children in a vessel about to sail from this port. The perplexity he now had to encounter arose from the difficulty there was in conveying his family to Rochelle without observation. After hiring one carriage, in readiness for the nocturnal journey, and paying the driver a high price in advance, the man failed him, and never made his appearance. After much trouble, he succeeded in engaging another conveyance, at an enormous price; and in the middle of a bitterly cold December night he commenced his perilous journey with his children. After a night of dangers, they reached d'Ampère, and the next day found an asylum at the house of a relative, two miles from Rochelle. By a remarkable providence, this relative had removed to that place some time before, unknown to the fugitives, and was there almost as by design, to shelter them under his hospitable roof until the wind should prove favorable for the sailing of their vessel. This did not happen until the 16th of January, 1688.

A long line of coast had been inspected by

another friend, and a certain portion, only three miles from Rochelle, had been found to be left unguarded by the watchful agents of the government. Here the captain of the vessel agreed to take on the party of emigrants, who, with Migault and his family, numbered seventy-five persons. They had to come to the shore by night; and it is not to be wondered at that some of them lost their way and did not arrive until too late.

The friend who was managing the embarkation had arranged that the different families should enter the boat in order, and that they should decide by casting lots which should go on the first trip and which should wait for the second. Every thing was proceeding favorably, when suddenly a false alarm was given: it was believed that the party had been discovered by the soldiers; and the good man who was acting as leader, knowing that death was the penalty for aiding in the escape of a Protestant, fled with a number of the party from the shore, and was not afterward seen. The rest, learning that the alarm was false, remained. Jean Migault

and his party had been waiting in a house near by, but in going down to the beach they lost their way; and when they arrived the first boat was just putting off, crowded with some thirty-five persons. So they had to wait, tired, chilled with cold, and oppressed with anxiety, until the boat should come back. But, when it did return, it touched at a place one hundred and fifty yards distant from the spot where Migault and his party had waited so long and so wearily. The moment the cries of the sailors were heard, every person hastened to the spot whence the voices proceeded. The most active and least encumbered, especially those who had none but themselves to care for, gained the boat first; and when twenty-five had entered, the mariners pushed off, declaring they would take no more, as they were nearly swamped by their load the first time, but they would return a third time and take the remainder.

It was often in such confused scenes that families were parted, wives separating from husbands, and parents from children, at times

to meet no more. Those left behind frequently fell into the hands of their enemies, and perished by violence, or languished away their lives in prison or in galleys. Migault, however, kept his family together, but all hope of escaping at this time was gone; daylight was coming, and two Rochelle guard-boats were seen hovering along the coast to cut off the emigrants in any further attempts they might make.

"Our situation," says Migault, "was now really awful. As we saw guards at sea, so we might reasonably expect to meet with guards on land. Great consternation seized the whole party. We knew the extreme severity of the governor of Rochelle, and many fancied themselves already in his power. My danger was, beyond all comparison, most imminent. My companions were unmarried, and could easily disperse, or conceal themselves, according to circumstances; but I had six children, whom I could not abandon, and three of them incapable of walking. I believe I may say that at no period of my life was my faith in more

active exercise. Many precious promises presented themselves to my mind,—some of which, though they then appeared familiar to my memory, had not before formed the subject of my contemplation. One passage wonderfully supported me:—'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' I so meditated on these words that my fears were completely overcome."

Nor was his confidence disappointed. The whole party withdrew safely to the house of the relative already mentioned, although they had to pass under the walls of Rochelle. Another opportunity was presented in April, when at length the unwearied endeavors of Migault to escape with his family were crowned with success. They embarked from the same spot where they had made the attempt in January, and, after a tempestuous passage of nineteen days, they reached Holland. Here, in the French church of Rotterdam, Migault, and others who, like him, had sinned in abjuring their faith, made

public confession before the whole church. He afterward was settled in Amsterdam.

Happy indeed was this fugitive, and happy all others who, through manifold troubles, at length made good their escape to a land of freedom, though leaving country and home. Happy indeed, when their lot is contrasted with that of the miserable fugitives who were arrested in their flight by the emissaries of the king. Loaded with fetters and chained in pairs with the vilest criminals, they were driven like slave-gangs through the country, and brought to Marseilles, where they were placed upon galleys and compelled to work most painfully at the oars. These oars were of such size that the person working them was obliged to rise at each stroke. Besides this severe labor, the galley-slaves were lodged and fed in the coarsest prison style, had scarcely any accommodations for sleep, and when sick they were sent to the galley-hospital, a dark, low apartment in the hold of the vessel, without beds, and overrun with vermin. If they were found too weak for the hard service,

they were thrust into foul, damp dungeons, and kept there until they died. This was the fate of some of the best people of France, as of Le Fevre, the Parisian lawyer, and of Marolles, counsellor to the king in one of the provinces. The story of these men is one of extreme suffering and ignominy, borne with unmurmuring patience and gentleness to the end. Among the most faithful of all the witnesses to the truth which Christianity furnished in that age, are these galley-slaves, who triumphed in all their protracted and exhausting trials, filling their very jailers with wonder, like Paul and Silas with their midnight songs in the dungeons of Philippi.

CHAPTER VI.

SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE REFUGEES IN LITERATURE, ARTS, AND ARMS.

But let us turn from these tales of wrong and outrage and suffering, which, however nobly borne, are still painful to dwell upon. Another and a far more attractive page in the history of the persecuted Protestants of France awaits our view. These trembling, despised fugitives, of whom the great empire of France, with the splendid Louis XIV. at its head, was not worthy, no sooner landed and established themselves in free territory, than their true worth and excellence as men, as citizens, as workmen, as artists, as geniuses, and as heroes, shone out in the face of the world. Every country was filled with the useful and precious fruits of their industry and skill; every Church was adorned with their piety; every profession was hon-

ored with their ability; every battle-field testified to their valor; and the distant and almost unknown shores of America, of Iceland and Greenland, witnessed their boldness and enterprise. France despoiled herself madly and blindly of her richest jewels, and flung them abroad among the nations of the earth, who knew their rare value, and who enriched themselves in receiving and cherishing them.

The Papists thought to exterminate Protestantism: they only called forth its secret strength by the trials they put upon it, and sent abroad over the world the very specimens which had been developed and ennobled by the trial. Protestantism became a glory in all lands. It added new and honorable chapters to the history of all civilized countries. The spiritual life and power which had been nursed by grace in the characters of these persecuted Huguenots became a vital element in almost all national progress. All movements toward freedom henceforth felt the impulse of Huguenot energy. The liberties of the only really

free nations in the world—Great Britain and the United States of America—were achieved by the help of the banished Huguenots of France and their descendants. France, that banished them, still dreams of liberty, and sees it in visions, and sometimes tastes it, as Tantalus, but always miserably fails to attain it: England and America are still the homes of the free and the refuges of the oppressed. In the wonderful and glorious history of the banished Huguenots, that saying of our Lord was fulfilled, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground *and die*, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

It is worthy of notice, that, in the ordering of Providence, these martyr-refugees were scattered abroad among all civilized nations. No one country formed their place of refuge, or received the great body of the fugitives. No colony in the New World was built up to greatness under the control of some conspicuous member of the Huguenot body, gathering around him and carrying as by one impulse the multitude of his fellow-

believers to the shores of a new France, which should have become more glorious and more powerful than the first. The great Admiral Coligny, in the preceding century, actually attempted to found such a colony in Florida and the Carolinas, but failed; and no one arose even to renew the attempt, in the sad era of which we are treating. What a material was ready for such an undertaking! All the elements of a society numerous, energetic, and full of hope for the future,—generals, soldiers, sailors, preachers, scholars, manufacturers, mechanics, merchants, laborers, and the capital requisite for their first establishment in the new country!

On the contrary, these persecuted people clung to France until the last moment, when they were compelled to escape by the nearest route and in the most secret manner, and when all attempts to aid them were made punishable with death: all they could think of then was how most speedily to get beyond the boundaries and away from the coast of their country. Each one embraced safety

and accepted a home wherever he first found them. Thus, Switzerland, Holland, England, Prussia and other German states, Denmark, Sweden, and even Russia, Iceland, and America, received bodies of refugees, more or less numerous, into their borders.

In some of these countries, particularly Prussia, England, and Hesse-Cassel, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was answered by state papers condemning that cruel act, and inviting the exiles, in the most cordial manner, to those hospitable countries. Immense sums of money were raised in these countries—in England, a million of dollars in James II.'s reign—to aid the impoverished fugitives; lands were presented to the farmers; duties on the goods they brought with them, and taxes on their property, were abolished, or suspended for a number of years. The privileges of citizens, and even more, were granted to them. The Elector of Brandenburg (Prussia) especially encouraged these settlements in his kingdom. He placed the French military officers in positions of higher rank in his own

army than that which they had occupied in France, and put their distinguished men in the highest offices of honor and trust about his person. The cities of Holland, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and others, treated them with the most marked favor, received the manufacturers into their own corporations, and loaned them money to commence operations.

The influence exerted by these refugees, thus warmly received, cherished, and honored in various lands, was one of the great facts of the times. It changed the face of Europe. We need only mention the name and work of Calvin in Geneva to show that we speak but the sober truth. Calvin was indeed a refugee of much earlier times than those we have been describing. It was in November, 1533, that by the aid of friends, who twisted the bedclothes into a rope, Calvin escaped from the window of his college-apartments in Paris, while the persecutors were at the doors, like Paul let down from the walls of Damascus in a basket. The Church and republic of Geneva, and the

principles of republicanism and of religious liberty all over the world, owe more than can be told to the lofty soul, the great abilities, and the pure doctrine of this single refugee from persecuting France.

And in whatever branch of business or of labour, in whatever profession, whether of peace or of war, we find these refugees, they almost invariably take a leading position, and leave impressions for good that remain for generations, and even yet appear in the life, the thinking, the pursuits, and the social order of men. They turned the current of speech in Europe to the French language, and largely aided in the movement which for a time put French in place of the native tongues of Holland and Germany, and which even yet maintains it as the polite language of Europe. They changed entirely the channels of trade and the course of exchange. When the news of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was received at Amsterdam, the consternation on 'Change was so great that no one would lend money to a house which dealt with French mer-

chants. Those French merchants, with multitudes of tradesmen and artisans, were soon in Amsterdam and other Protestant cities, and France ceased to be the great mart for European traders. Holland, Germany, England, and Switzerland, under Huguenot industry, were rescued from commercial dependence on France, and became producers, instead of mere consumers, of all kinds of valuable manufactures. Berlin, Magdeburg, and Frankfort became commercial places. The Elbe and the Oder were covered with ships. All the great roads were thronged with carriages importing foreign merchandise and exporting the manufactures of the country. Russia and Poland came to Berlin to purchase the woollens, the silks, the velvets, and the laces, of the refugees, which they formerly bought in France.

In two years, Amsterdam, which had previously been given up to maritime commerce, was peopled with manufacturers and skilful artisans from France. All the efforts of her authorities, with an expenditure of millions to effect this object, had previously been in

vain. These refugees, according to the testimony of a citizen, "filled the city more and more with inhabitants, increased its public revenues, multiplied the arts and manufactures, made money circulate, caused commerce to flourish more and more, fortified the Protestant religion, caused a greater abundance of every thing, and even went abroad to attract profit from every quarter, —Germany, the kingdoms of the North, Spain, the Baltic Sea, the West Indies and American islands, and even England. They, in a word, contributed to render Amsterdam one of the most famous cities in the world, and like the ancient city of Tyre, which the prophet named 'the perfection of beauty,' and of which he said that 'she trafficked with all islands, and all nations; that her paths were in the heart of the sea; that all the ships and sailors of the ocean came to her port; that she abounded in all kinds of merchandise, and that her merchants were princes.'" The manufactures established by the refugees, says another authority, increased the prosperity of Amsterdam with a

rapidity that struck Europe with astonishment.

Such a reputation did the various manufactures of the refugees gain, that they thrust out of the market even superior articles of French make. Manufacturers in other countries went so far as to send their goods to Holland, bring them back again, and then offer them for sale as products of the industry of the French refugees in that country. Even French manufacturers sought to imitate the work of their exiled countrymen, in order to procure purchasers for their wares.

Thus, a new life was given to the sluggish people of Europe, enfeebled with long wars. The cheerful hum of Huguenot industry filled the air, and the surrounding populations were instructed in new pursuits, and astonished with new visions of thrift, good taste, rectitude, and prosperity. The Huguenot farmers drained the marshes of Hesse-Cassel, turned sterile tracts into blooming orchards, taught the Danes the secret of the rotation of crops, introduced the culture

of flax and hemp in the bleak soil of Iceland, and everywhere planted gardens, and added to the salt meat and fish and dry beans of the Prussian diet the almost unknown luxury of vegetables. They opened mines of coal and iron; they set up forges; they more than doubled the whale-fisheries of the Dutch. They built the first paper-mill in Prussia, and their mills in Holland after the Revocation furnished paper to German, French, and English publishers; they gave an extraordinary impulse to the book-business, which at that time was carried on by the Dutch, and they filled France with a religious and doctrinal literature which to some extent supplied the place of the living teachers driven away by persecuting hate, and which perhaps helped so wonderfully to preserve the Protestant leaven in that country. To-day, in spite of St. Bartholomew, in spite of dragoonings, and in spite of the Revocation and the exile of half a million of Protestants from France, there are just about as many of this faith, in pro-

portion to the population, as there were in 1685.

The great skill of these workmen and farmers, the taste and elegance displayed in the products of their toil, their honesty, their purity of character, their high repute for piety, their habits of order, and their devotion to their work, brought about a result of greater importance to the working-man, perhaps, than any we have named. The mechanic arts and industrial pursuits grew in public esteem: seen in such ennobling associations, people could not any longer despise them as they used to do; and thus, through Huguenot influence, the condition of the middle and working classes was elevated, and that great movement which is ever going on under the influence of a pure gospel, to dignify honest toil and to bless the working-man, was greatly promoted by these true confessors. Palissy, the Huguenot potter, a century earlier, felt that in pursuing his calling to the best of his abilities he was acting in accordance with the divine will, and expected and received God's

blessing as a working-man. He honored and adorned his calling in a remarkable degree: the potter's art is a nobler one since his day. And the high-toned Huguenot workmen of a later day kept up and spread abroad similar views about this whole class of man's activities. God will not suffer this course of opinion on the subject of labor to be interfered with. All who seek to degrade labor and to enslave the working-man are at some period most terribly rebuked and punished.

But it was not only as working-men, artisans, and merchants, that the refugees adorned their callings and enriched the countries that gave them a home. Many of them were famous as scholars, as preachers, as inventors, and as warriors; and their activity in these different professions won for them great and honorable names. The pens of their literary men were vigorously and successfully employed. Whether the newspaper-press of Holland owes its existence to the refugees or not, is uncertain; but the journals which they edited, and in which

their sufferings were modestly and calmly told, had an immense circulation through Europe. The more literary class of journals were founded by these people, who conducted them with the utmost brilliancy.

Nor are we surprised to learn that it was a refugee pastor—David Martin—who gave the French Protestants a translation of the Bible into their own tongue,—a work of such merit that it was universally adopted by the French churches of Holland, Switzerland, and England, and continues to be published to this day by the London Bible Society. The pastors of the French churches who withdrew to Holland were among the most famous preachers that ever adorned the Christian pulpit. With these preachers came a number of literary men in a body to Holland, where they not only found repose and liberty and enjoyed the respect of the Dutch, but where they put forth the most brilliant efforts of the tongue and pen, making Holland a literary centre of French Protestantism, and communicating to letters and science a salutary influence which that coun-

try feels to this day. The Huguenot preachers of Holland drew around them the educated people of that country, as well as their own flocks, by the extraordinary eloquence of their discourses. The most distinguished of them all was James Saurin, the preacher of the Hague. The flower of the Dutch people of that city, and the statesmen who held in their hands the destinies of Europe, hastened to hear him, and to testify to the power and beauty of his discourses, and the peculiar and solemn strains of appeal with which he was accustomed to close them. "Is this," exclaimed one, on hearing him for the first time, "a man or an angel who is speaking to us?"

In Prussia and in England the most distinguished preacher and writer among the refugees was Abbadie. His treatise on the "Truth of the Christian Religion," written in the former country, was received with equal favor by Protestants and Romanists. It was declared by disinterested persons to be "the only book worthy to be read in the world." After removing to England, he

wrote the "Art to Know Yourself," which was praised as the very perfection of his religious treatises. As other Huguenots took up the sword for William, Prince of Orange, Abbadie volunteered his gifted pen in defence of the Revolution of 1688, which dethroned James and placed William and Mary on the British throne.

In other professions and departments of learning we find the refugees giving like proof of superiority and exerting a similar commanding influence. The Huguenot lawyers, who had always stood high in their profession and who had furnished many faithful martyrs in their own country, carried with them into exile the wholesome principles of the old Roman law with which the French code is imbued, and introduced them into German practice. The Huguenot physicians carried the improved practice of the French schools abroad; and it is to these fugitives that England principally owes the perfection of its surgical implements. The "Academy of Science and Letters of Berlin," whose first president was the great Leibnitz,

founded soon after the Revocation, had among its most celebrated members not a few of the refugees. Several leading literary establishments in Prussia were founded by the government expressly for the refugees, and committed to their control: so that the education of the nobles and higher classes in that country was in their hands. How remarkably was Providence working to thwart the cruel designs of their enemies and to turn them into instruments of the prosperity and elevation of his people!

It was a persecuted Huguenot physician, Papin by name, who anticipated the greatest of modern discoveries,—the steam-engine. He had already attracted the attention of men of science by his writings, and was called to London in 1681 and made a member of the Royal Society. When, four years afterward, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, he no longer regarded France as his home, but devoted himself to natural science with such success that in fourteen years the Academy of Paris made him a corresponding member, and a professorship of mathematics

in Marburg, a city of Hesse-Cassel, was offered to him, which he accepted.

The historian Weiss says, "His researches on the use of steam, and that which was called his 'pretence' to navigate a vessel without either sails or oars, go back to the first years of his exile. It was then, according to all appearance, in England, that the ingenious proscribed Huguenot conceived the first idea of the steam-vessel with which he afterward tried to navigate on the Fulda River [in Hesse-Cassel]. The experiment was but partially successful. The engine was clumsy, and needed improvements in its details. But the honor of giving the necessary impulse to his successors, and of opening a new and fruitful career for science, was no less his own. He was the first, in fact, who caused a piston to move in the chamber of a pump, who showed it possible to apply steam to the purposes of navigation; and, to conclude, it was he who, foreseeing the danger of explosion, invented the safety-valve which is still in use at the present day. It was very little, then, which hindered the

world being endowed with the wonders of steam-navigation a hundred years earlier than it was."

But perhaps the most splendid chapter in the history of the refugees is that which records their exploits on the field of battle, when contending in arms for the great principles of truth and righteousness to which they were so deeply attached. They volunteered in great numbers in the armies of their adopted countries; and, as each one knew and prized above life itself the object for which many of the conflicts of those times were waged, every soldier behaved himself like a hero in the fight. No better material for the stern work of war could be found than the valiant and zealous refugees.

The most illustrious of the superior officers who withdrew from France for conscience' sake at this time was the Marshal de Schomberg. So highly was this faithful soldier esteemed in Prussia, that, to detain him in the service of the government, he was made Governor-General, Minister of State, Member of the Privy Council,—in

which he sat among the princes of the blood royal,—and Generalissimo of the entire army. But he felt called to sustain the great Protestant undertaking of William, Prince of Orange, against James II. of England, and could not be retained on the continent. Many brave men, including Schomberg's oldest son, remained and fought in the service of Frederick William and his son Frederick I. The war was, in fact, little else than the opposition of the Protestant Powers of Europe to the aggressions of Louis XIV., the persecutor of the Huguenots and the enemy of Protestantism. Hence the refugees could enter upon it with their whole hearts. The army of Frederick was one of the three raised by the Protestant allies to drive Louis back from his advanced positions on the Rhine. It was composed mainly of refugees, who proved their valor in the first campaign in the year 1689. At the combat of Neuss, just beyond the Rhine, the corps of refugees called the Grand Carabineers launched themselves on the forces of their Papist fellow-countrymen like a thunderbolt,

and drove them from the field, gaining a victory that secured Prussia from the insults of Louis XIV. At the siege of Bonn, in the same campaign, the refugees, at their own request, led the storming-party, and carried all the outworks by the irresistible fury of the charge. The next day the place was surrendered. In the next campaign the Prussians were led by the son of Marshal Schomberg with decided success. In the campaign carried on during the same war in Italy, the refugees sent by Frederick bore a most conspicuous part. They even crossed the frontiers of France, and captured the town of Embrun, in one of the southwestern departments. Marching in the van, they spread terror through the country, and gave opportunity to many Protestants yet remaining to escape from the tyranny of their persecutors, which they were not slow to embrace. We are reminded of scenes transpiring in our own country as we write. The overwhelming zeal and desperateness with which refugees from rebel tyranny will fight in the sight of the homes from which

they have been driven, has been shown in the conflicts upon the borders of East Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia. The feelings of revenge displayed by the Huguenots in ravaging Dauphiné are not to be commended, and, we believe, are not exhibited by the loyal regiments of our army in their advances upon those sections of reconquered territory which we have just named.

The old hero De Schomberg, then seventy years of age, was gladly received by William, Prince of Orange, and appointed second in command in his great expedition to England. Already the Huguenot chief had visited the coasts of that country, to reconnoitre for a favorable landing-point, and had even entered into understandings with the leaders of the English aristocracy favorable to William. With Schomberg came a great body of illustrious Huguenot officers, seven hundred and thirty-six in number, and three regiments of foot and a squadron of horse composed entirely of refugees. Thus the Huguenot element in an army only fifteen thousand strong was very considerable.

Weiss calls it "the nucleus" of William's troops; Macaulay says nothing about it. It was by the wise advice of Schomberg that William abandoned his original plan of sailing directly up the Thames to London, and chose more modestly to land at Torbay, thus avoiding as far as possible the attitude of a foreign conqueror. Only some insignificant skirmishes interfered with the progress of the expedition from Devonshire to London. The nobles and people of England declared for William. James fled in disgrace; and the revolution which placed a great Protestant prince on the throne of England, and which settled the religious character of Great Britain, was quietly completed in the course of six weeks.

When James afterward attempted, with the help of Louis XIV., to make head against William in Ireland, and when Dublin had actually received the former as king and Protestant Londonderry alone acknowledged the authority of William, Schomberg, with the refugees and other troops, was sent to oppose the movement. "Your majesty may

have heard," wrote the veteran, "from others that the three French regiments of foot and one of horse do better service [in another place he says more than double the service] than any others."

Before the decisive battle of the Boyne was fought, William had joined his brave lieutenant. The hostile armies were separated by that river. At the sight of the enemy, the refugees could contain themselves no longer. The De Schombergs, father and son, crossed the Boyne with the flower of the Huguenot army, forced back the French and Irish squadrons placed to dispute the passage, and formed in line of battle on the farther side.

On beholding this splendid attack, says the historian, William passed the river, and the action became general. "Come, friends," cried Schomberg; "remember your courage and your griefs: your persecutors are before you." Animated by these words, they charged the French regiments opposed to them so impetuously that they broke on the moment. But in the pursuit, Schomberg,

who fought at the head of his men, was surrounded by Tyrconnel's life-guards, from whom he received two sabre-cuts and a carbine-shot. The gallant old man fell, mortally wounded; but with his dying eyes he saw the soldiers of James dispersed in headlong flight. He was eighty-two years old when he fell in the arms of triumph.

The battle of the Boyne was fought July 1, 1690; and in one year, after two other victories won largely by Huguenot valor, the authority of William and Mary was established in all parts of the empire.

Among the truest and bravest defenders of American independence in the war of the Revolution were the descendants of the refugees who fled from France to various parts of our country. To all the other glories of the race is thus to be added no small share of the honor of founding the Great Republic of modern times.

Of many noted names in our country's history that had this origin, we may instance that of Laurens. Henry Laurens, the son of refugees who left France after the Revoca-

tion, a prosperous merchant of Charleston, was in England when it became evident that there must be war with the colonies, and determined at once to return to his native land. "I am determined," he said, "to stand or fall with my country."

In 1779, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland, but the vessel was captured on the way by the British, and he was carried as a state prisoner to the Tower of London. There he was rigidly confined in a narrow chamber; no one was allowed to visit him; books were denied him; he was not suffered to write letters, or to receive those written to him. At fifty-six years of age, and tortured by gout, he was subjected to all these trials for his country. He was offered a release if he would take the part of England in the conflict with the colonies. He rejected the offer with the liveliest indignation. It was insinuated to him that if he would in writing acknowledge his conduct in espousing the American cause to be wrong, he would be allowed to leave the Tower and be confined to London alone. "I will never

subscribe my name," he replied, "to my own infamy and to the dishonor of my family." He was told of the British victories and the confiscation of his property in the South, but was left in ignorance of the success of the American arms in the North. "Nothing," said he, "can move me."

Two years of imprisonment failed to break his purpose. He was asked in 1781 to use his influence with his son, then on a most successful mission to the court of France in behalf of our cause, to induce him to leave the French capital. He was promised relief from his own sufferings if he complied. "My son," he answered, "is of an age to take counsel with himself and to follow the inspirations of his own will. If I were to write to him in the terms which are commanded me, my words would not produce the slightest effect. He would conclude from them that the solitary confinement of this prison had weakened my intellect. I know that he is a man of honor. He loves me tenderly, and would sacrifice his life to save mine; but he would not destroy his reputa-

tion to purchase my deliverance; and I approve of his conduct."

Laurens's sufferings excited general compassion; and his executioners, chagrined and ashamed, at length sought in some way to set him free without seeming to excuse his acts. But he refused to make concessions, and was set free, finally, without condition. Afterward he was appointed one of the four commissioners who signed, in 1782, the articles of peace which assured our independence. John Jay, another of the commissioners, was also a Huguenot. In the treaty of the following year, Laurens secured the extension of our western frontiers to the Mississippi River, with the opening of the navigation of that river to our citizens, and thus prepared the way for the annexation of Louisiana to the republic.

John Laurens, his son, whom we have just seen at the court of France, justified, by the ardor of his attachment to the American cause, all that his noble father asserted of him. At the age of twenty-two, he became one of General Washington's aid-de-camps,

was wounded at Germantown, took a glorious part in the battle of Monmouth, and fought with great honor and success as lieutenant-colonel in the campaign of '78 of Rhode Island. When the war was transferred to the South, he was with Moultrie, resisting the advance of the British on Charleston, when he was again wounded. Scarcely cured, he again took the field, and shut himself up, with a garrison of scarcely five thousand men, in Charleston. When many of the inhabitants wished to surrender to the British, young Laurens declared that he would pierce with his sword the first who should dare to pronounce the word "capitulation" contrary to the opinion of the commandant. Afterward we find him planning, with the help of French officers in Paris, the campaign of 1781, which led to the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He returned home with money, men, and vessels of war to carry the plan into execution. Among the officers of the French soldiers who had come to our help were some of the most distinguished names of the nobility of France.

Was it not another of the remarkable providences by which God often signally sets at naught the schemes of the enemies of his truth, that this youthful John Laurens, the grandson of an obscure refugee, should lead to the succor of his native land the representatives of the highest nobility of the land of his ancestors?

Laurens himself, now a colonel, led a storming-party against one of the advanced works of the British at Yorktown. Marching his men with unloaded muskets, he successfully scaled the parapet, carried the redoubt, and himself took the commanding officer prisoner, in the space of a few minutes. Washington appointed this brave officer to draw up the terms of capitulation. This he did; but, without waiting for the spectacle of the surrender, he hastened South, where the British still held Charleston, and entered the army of General Greene. His ardent soul could not brook the presence of the British on a single spot of our territory.

Here, in an engagement with the troops of the garrison, who had made a sally, after

performing prodigies of valor in an advanced position, he fell, mortally wounded, and died on the field of battle, August 27, 1782, when scarcely twenty-seven years of age.

It is by such noble deeds and such great triumphs in the cause of right and of justice that the history of the martyrs of France is completed. The ignominy and suffering of the early years of persecution are balanced by the distinguished favor shown them by many nations, and by the extraordinary services they were able to render in commerce, arts, and manufactures, in literature and statesmanship, in peace and in war. The martyrs of France are recognized as among the very flower of mankind, while their persecutors have blotted their own names with ignominy and have damaged the character and hope of France, thus far, beyond repair.

As a separate people, it is true, the refugees are rapidly ceasing to be known; but the world is better, permanently, for their faith, their good confession, their heroic martyrdoms, their pure lives, their manly characters, their thrifty habits, their esteem for

honest labor, their extraordinary skill and good taste as workmen, their business enterprise, their courteous manners, the perspicuity, eloquence, and power of their speech, the unreserved devotion of talents, property, and life to the cause of truth, of Protestantism, and of human liberty throughout the world.

Entire consecration to the service of the Master, such as shrinks from no sacrifice and no cross, will always produce lasting and precious results. The martyr spirit is a necessary element of personal religion; and brief are the periods of the Christian's life, or of the world's history, which do not call for the exercise of this element and put the professions of men to the proof. Those who love the truth well enough to die for it will, living or dying, do honor to their professions and be a blesing to all generations of their fellow-men.

THE END.

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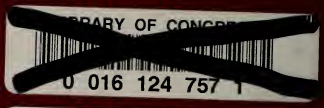
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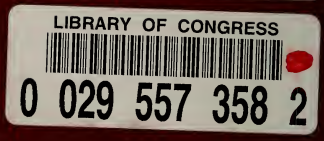
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